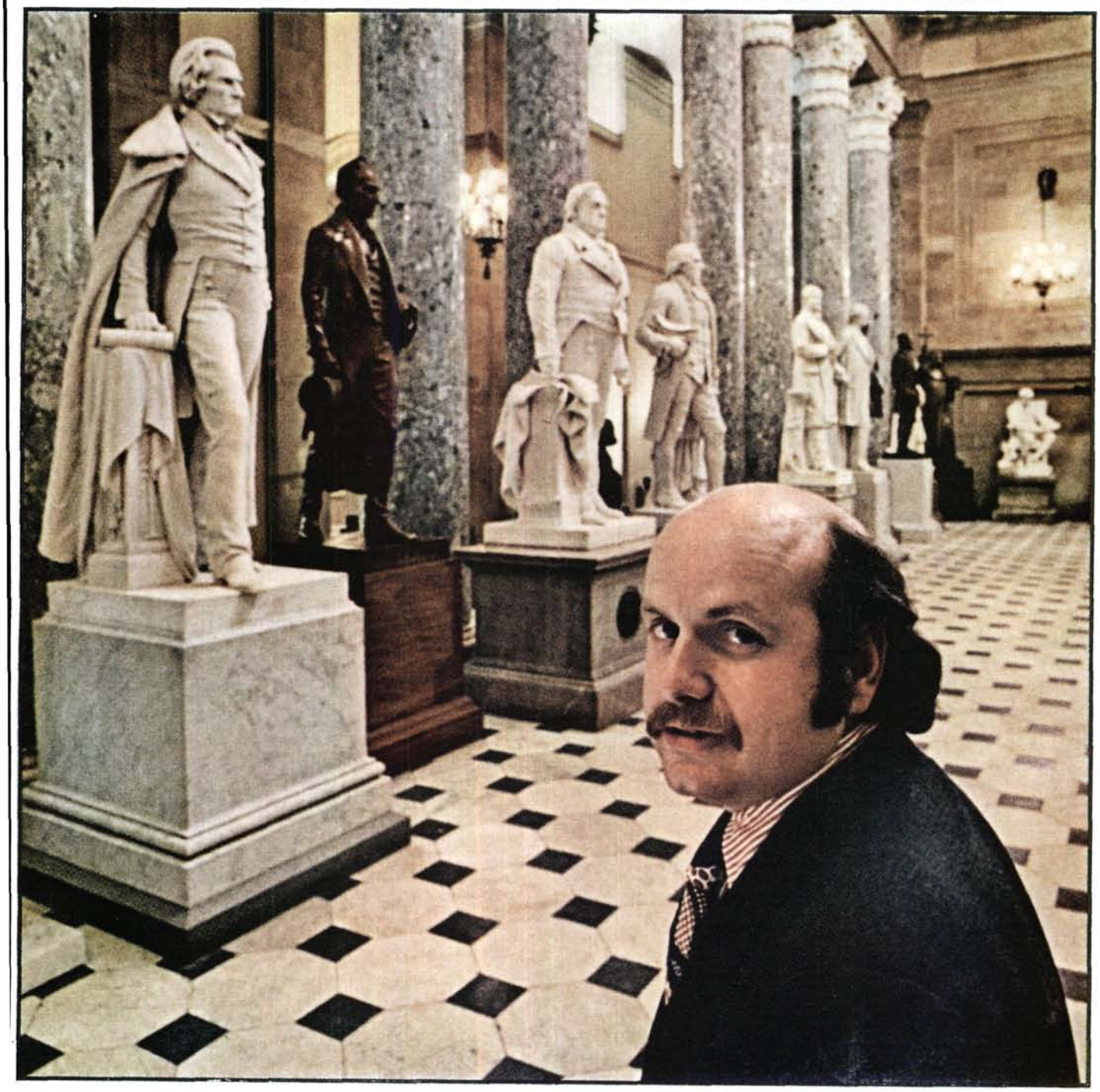
THE SOCIETY
Saturday Review
APRIL 8, 1972 50¢

The Hudson River Is Actually Getting Cleaned Up

THE WASHINGTON LOBBYIST: INFLUENCE PEDDLER OR SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC?



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America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's.

Regular & Menthol: 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '71.

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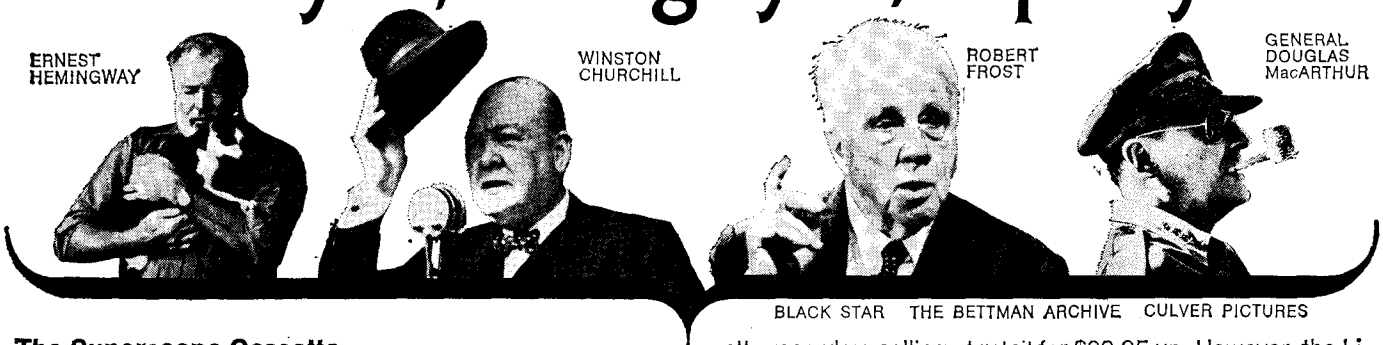
These great people can entertain you, inform you, outrage you, inspire you.



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E105 & E106—John F. Kennedy: A Self-Portrait
E107 & E108—Abraham Lincoln read by Carl Sandburg
E109—Frank Lloyd Wright speaks on Architecture & Other Subjects
I106 & I107—Mark Twain Tonight starring Hal Holbrook
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COVER: Fred Maroon

SATURDAY REVIEW is published weekly at $12.00 per year by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Av New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Vc LV, Number 15.

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Send all correspondence about subscrip and remittances to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 1

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If you have an eye for beauty and an instinct for value...

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A Pennyless Nation

With all the trouble we've been having over economics in this country, someone should suggest to President Nixon that he abolish money. Of course, this is an election year, and no politician wants to do anything radical at such a time. So Mr. Nixon could start small, by getting rid of the penny. There are many advantages in being a pennyless nation.

Look what happened to the British. Despite a tradition that goes back to a law of King Ine of Wessex in the year A.D. 693, Great Britain retired its penny so its people could count money like everyone else. Admittedly, the British hesitated about doing the whole job once and for all and compromised by introducing a New Penny worth more than a penny. Nevertheless, soon after France heard about this, it startled the world by becoming friendly to foreigners and inviting Great Britain into the Common Market. You can never tell what even a halfway measure toward becoming a pennyless country can lead to.

The elimination of the penny in the United States would be cheered by those with the old pioneer spirit who actually go outdoors to watch football and baseball games. They'd immediately encounter less distraction and inconvenience at the games themselves, and they could stop having to lie to themselves, their families, and their friends. For there's no telling how many of those in the stands miss great plays simply because they're too busy holding someone's beer or hot dog or digging through their own pockets. After pennies are gone, no spectator will have to hold anything for a neighbor or look long for change. Then anyone will be able to tell what his fistful of coins is worth and will be able to decide instantly whether he has the right change or must break a five after all.

Now no one can tell what he has in his hand. What looks like thirty-five cents in pennies never amounts to more than a quarter. In a nation without pennies, no one will have to hold anything for anybody while he counts pennies. Sports fans will be able to concentrate on the game and really see those great plays that, they tell themselves and everyone else, make going out to the ball game worth all the bother.

With the end of the penny, not only would small change become more convenient, but the whole concept would take on a richer meaning. We'd soon forget the idea that small change means insignificance, and acquire a respect for a handful of coins that hasn't been found in America since the Thirties.

Not least of all, the removal of the penny from the currency would leave Lincoln in his rightful place, on the $5 bill. On the penny, Lincoln has been worth peanuts, bubble gum, and one's weight and fortune. He has been pitched against walls. He has rolled into sewers, but no one over the age of seven has ever really cared about the outrage. It is high time that the Great Emancipator be placed in more concerned hands.

This is not a political issue. All concerned with the purity of the language would join together in delight, because the passing of the penny would retire tired clichés. "Penny wise, pound foolish" is un-American anyway and should go. "A penny saved, a penny earned" has been illegal since the income tax, and we should stop teaching this misinformation in tax-supported schools. Despite Phase I and Phase II, it's still impossible to find a psychiatrist who'll say, "A penny for your thoughts." Gilbert and Sullivan buffs would rejoice that they had yet another item (the line from *The Gondoliers,* "Dukes were three a penny") that was out of date.

In all the years of our Republic, no matter how hard you pinched a penny it was never worth a Continental. It's still not too late to admit it and to convert to a non-cents economy.

Thomas C. Lucey

Menu Change at the Town Dump

Something new's been added to the scene
To beautify this humble feeding station:
Disposal bags of polyethylene.
For scavengers, alas, they bring frustration.

A gull must liberate with shredding beak
The gift-wrapped goodies once dispersed, apart,
In smörgåsbord, and, now, in tedium seek
A meal pecked out and picked from à la carte.

Francis W. Hatch

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Advertisement of the Week—from Brig. Gen. R. S. Macrum of Acton, Maine, who found it in the Portland *Press-Herald*:

WANTED
EXPERIENCED
BOTTOM ROUGHER
Steady Work
Excellent piece rates and fringe benefits
Apply in person
Songo Shoe Co.

Soft sell?

Travel Note—as spotted by Mrs. David Bortin in the *Daily Pioneer* of Walnut Creek, California:

AIR TRAVEL
London: Europe: Far East: Hong Kong: Australia.
We offer low fares one war

First-class, we presume, two wars.

Personal Note—located by Bernita Salisbury of Salt Lake City in the *Carthage* (S.D.) *News*:

Senior Citizens of Fedora will meet Friday at 1:30 p.m., with a pot-luck lunch. All persons over 20 years of age are eligible....

But, the point is, can they *vote*?

How would you like to be Vice President of Public Affairs and official "spokesman" for the troubled McGraw-Hill Book Company? First, the Clifford Irving case; second, Chief Red Fox, the wooden Indian; and, finally, the editor who took money for not one but two authors. There must be better jobs.

However, when we lunched with Ted Weber, who is V.P. of P.A. and S. for M-H, we found him not only generous toward all guilty parties but positively genial toward the world in general. He did, however, order dry vermouth on the rocks.

We suggested that didn't seem enough. He smiled. "Well, the cumulative effect is," he paused. "Well, you can't duck it, I suppose. I was surprised by the first and surprised by the second and surprised by the third. But you can get used to anything—even surprises. The situation with Stewart [Robert S. Stewart] is tough, though. He's a brilliant guy, and it's an isolated piece of bad judgment."

When, we wanted to know, did he first get the Hughes news? "It came drop by drop," he said, "like Chinese torture. The first indication I had that it was going to be something out of the ordinary was that afternoon the Hughes Tool Company completely denied the whole thing. When I got home to Connecticut after work, my wife was on the phone and there was a whole pile of messages beside her.

"At first, we all stood firm. After all, the Hughes people's reaction hadn't been unexpected. The way they had always protected Hughes's privacy, we hardly expected confirmation. And Hughes himself, according to our information from Irving, had not taken his people here into his confidence.

"Almost immediately thereafter, however, we began gathering all the material we had—the handwritten letters, the cancelled checks, etc. And we had direct confrontations with Cliff—we demanded detailed chronologies of his meetings with Hughes. He was very convincing, you know. He was also—well, now that I look back on it, funny. I remember him saying after the Hughes telephone interview that he himself wouldn't mind meeting with the press, but he wanted to meet with only three of them. 'I don't want to make a circus out of this,' he told us.

"Then," Mr. Weber continued, "there was the afternoon we got the tip that there was something wrong with the Swiss bank accounts. By that evening we had two of our people on planes to Zurich. We've stopped saying it, because it sounds self-serving, but it was our complaint to the Swiss police that really started the whole thing.

"The thing was that damned manuscript was so compelling! So many people who read it vouched for it. We had a nine-page, handwritten letter from Hughes. Nine pages!" Mr. Weber took a swallow from his drink. "I can't forget those handwriting experts—we were sitting with our lawyers the day they went back on us. They had close to a month after they said it *was* the handwriting of Howard Hughes, and then they hand-delivered a message reversing themselves.

"But," Mr. Weber went on, "if there's one real message from all of this from the public relations standpoint, it's tell the truth. I also want to say there was never a time, day or night, week or weekend, when I couldn't within minutes reach Harold McGraw or Shelton Fisher [McGraw-Hill president and executive vice president]. Remember, our concern was with a number of audiences—the business and financial communities, our own employees, our authors. We've got eight thousand authors, and it's a close relationship. We didn't want to look as if we were just abandoning an author."

Mr. Weber smiled. "There were also some funny things. I had a call from two men at the Detroit airport. They said that three months ago they had frozen Howard Hughes's body and they wanted the money to come to New York to tell us where it was. I also got a letter from an occultist who said that Howard Hughes was really Henry Kissinger and the money had been split between Kissinger and Mayor Yorty."

What, we wanted to know, would happen next? "I understand," he said, "Cliff is trying to peddle the book of his story." Would McGraw-Hill, we asked, be interested?

"No," he said. Did they discuss it? "It was discussed," he said, "but you can say it was a very brief discussion."

Mr. Weber's second crisis broke when McGraw-Hill was served with papers about the memoirs of Chief Red Fox by the daughter of James McGregor, who wrote *The Wounded Knee Massacre*. Apparently dissatisfied with Chief Red Fox's explanation—"I bought the material in the presence of Alfred Standing Bear and Martin Red Bear"—McGraw-Hill has agreed to pay a flat sum license fee to add an additional fee and a credit line if the book goes into another edition.

McGraw-Hill's crisis Number Three was over editor Stewart's accepting $1,700 from Alfred Kantor, author of *The Book of Alfred Kantor*, and his collaborator, John Wykert. "The tragic thing," Mr. Weber told us, "is that this is a great book. Nobody would have to pay us to take a book like that."

What steps, we asked in conclusion, had McGraw-Hill taken to prevent these things from happening again? "Look," Mr. Weber said, "if we set up an absolutely foolproof mechanism for the prevention of being hoaxed by an autobiography of an eccentric billionaire recluse or the memoirs of a one hundred-year-old Indian or even editorial poor judgment and applied that mechanism to every book we published, we'd be out of business. I like what Harold McGraw said. He was asked what he would do to prevent this from happening again. 'Did Caesar,' he asked, 'search Brutus for a dagger?' " □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1982)

HOWARD KOCH:
THE PANIC BROADCAST

The earth is our home and we would do well to cherish it. As the astronauts were flying back from the sterile wasteland of the moon, they looked upon our world, clothed in its bluish atmosphere, and found it incredibly beautiful.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Where, Oh Where Has My Little War Gone?

There was this dream in which I was in Washington, D.C., and went to the Pentagon to find out how the war was going. After all, as a citizen and taxpayer, I own a piece of the rockets that are still being dropped on Vietnam.

Before dozing off, I had been riffling through *The New York Times* to find the day's war story, grumbling why hasn't it been on the first page lately. Finally, on page nine there it was—one column, adjacent to a seven-column Bonwit Teller ad describing blue cotton and acetate blouses to go with matching slacks in polyester. The war headline was: "U.S. Bombs North 8th Day in a Row." So I dreamed my way into the Pentagon to find out why the war wasn't front-page news anymore.

As I entered the building, I asked the receptionist where I could find out about the war, and she directed me to the Secretary of Small Wars to Protect the Right of All People Anywhere in the World to Choose Their Own Government. Or, as it was listed in Pentagon lexicon: SSWPRAPAWCTOG. Pronounced, "sswprapawctog."

I was ushered into the office of the beribboned Secretary of Small Wars. He was polite but irritable. On his desk was a stack of newspapers this high. "You think you have trouble finding war news!" he said. "How do you think I feel when I read all these front pages and have to search through every page to find even a little mention of the war? Look at this paper. A foreign correspondent wrote about 'the theater of war in Indochina,' and some stupid editor put it on the amusements page."

"Well, sir, the war has slackened quite a bit, and—"

"I know what you're going to say. There were only five Americans killed this week."

"I was not—repeat not—going to say 'only.'"

"But what about the thirteen hundred North Vietnamese we killed? Isn't that a lovely figure for page one? But where is it? Page nine. Where, oh where has my little war gone?"

"I wanted to ask you about that. It says in this story that U.S. B-52 bombers pounded South Vietnam south of the DMZ. Isn't that hitting below the belt?"

"Nobody's perfect, you know. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a small war to carry on here, if I can find it. Good day."

"There's one front page story on the war in this morning's paper about Prince Sihanouk, who used to be Chief of State of Cambodia. He visited Chou En-lai and sat in the same brown armchair that President Nixon had sat in, it says, and Chou promised North Vietnam full support by China 'until total victory.'"

"Damn it, I tried to warn the President before he went to China that he was making a big—well, 'No comment' is my answer to that. It shouldn't ever have got on the front page, should never even have been printed. There are too many stories being printed that undermine the thinking of Americans. If I had my way, all the news—repeat all—would have to come from the White House. Period! Good day, sir."

That woke me up out of my dream. But I turned over, pondering how it would be if all news came from the White House, and then dozed off into the second chapter. I was leaving the Pentagon and hailed a taxi to take me to the airport. The driver turned on his radio, and I heard:

"Hi, there! This is your President coming to you from the Square Room of the White House with all the daily news that's fit to hear. The temperature here in Washington is seventy-two. And speaking of seventy-two, I am glad it's the year, as my banker friends tell me, the economy is holding steady. Employment is also holding steady. Unemployment is holding steady, too, but thanks to our economic game plan it is not growing.

"Which reminds me of a funny story. As you know, your President has been boning up for his trip to Russia. Well, Dr. Kissinger suggested, as a gag, when I sit at the banquet table in Russia, I pull out my chopsticks and start eating with them. But, as you all know, your President reveres the office of the Presidency and would never do an undignified thing like that.

"As you know, your President enjoys a good gag. But if I use my chopsticks, it could affect our delicate talks. If they don't have a sense of humor like mine, the Russians might see red. Ha-ha.

"Well, I see by the old clock on the wall I have time for just one more. A Bob Hope writer sent me a one-liner to use when I rise from the table. He suggests I say: 'I can't believe I ate the whole thing. I can't believe I ate the whole thing.' I might be tempted to use that one, depending on whether Kosygin is in a good mood. This is your President wishing you a good day. Tune in tomorrow for more of the important news that makes our country so great." ☐

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The time to start feeding your baby right is several years before it's born.

By the time you've started to knit things, it could already be too late.

To nurture the baby growing inside her, a mother needs the strength that comes from years of good eating habits. During pregnancy, nutrition can have a direct effect on early brain growth. A seriously malnourished mother means a seriously deprived fetus. And that means a child born with less than full potential, physically and mentally.

Sound scary? It is. A malnourished mother is more likely to bear a premature, undersized baby (and the younger she is, the greater is the risk). The kind of baby who is least equipped to cope with the demands of living in today's society. The kind of baby who suffers the highest infant mortality rate.

Actually, the rate of infant mortality *has* improved in the U.S. It has dropped 25% in 10 years.

But more can be done. Much more. *If* society can be educated and motivated to better dietary habits. *Then* we can break a link in the vicious circle of poverty and ignorance that leads to malnutrition...that leads to underdeveloped children...that leads to poverty and ignorance again.

A big part of the job is education. We at the American Medical Association want to do our part. (70% of our budget goes to health and scientific education.)

One of the things the AMA did just recently was to sponsor the National Congress on the Quality of Life (in Chicago). We hope it will prove to have been an important step in reaching this basic health standard for America: *a healthy mother* and *a healthy child.*

With all of man's concern about his environment, we doctors want to remind him of his first and most formative environment. The mother's womb.

America's Doctors of Medicine

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The London Scene

The marvelous thing about London theatergoing is that in any given week you can take your pick of twice as many shows as you would be able to see on Broadway. Furthermore, you are apt to find the majority of Britain's top performers appearing on stage at one of London's thirty-six playhouses.

The most highly acclaimed production and performance of the current London season is the National Theatre's *Long Day's Journey into Night*, with Laurence Olivier playing the head of household. Fortunately, I was able to catch the final performance before the production was put away in mothballs until mid-August, when it is scheduled to be brought back.

Director Michael Blakemore has staged the play freshly as a British look at an Irish-American family. The pace is very fast, the emotions are directed outward, and terror is caught in sudden eruptions that break through an essentially comical facade.

At the beginning Olivier is all affability, enjoying the fact that his wife apparently has licked her morphine addiction problem and playfully relishing the thought that his two sons probably are working up some ruse to touch the old man for spending money. Olivier is genial even when blaming his elder son Jamie for Edmund's illness and is most amusing as he says, "I've warned him for years his body couldn't stand it, but he wouldn't heed me, and now it's [pause] too late [rolls eyes upward]." He is also entertaining when, after pouring himself a small drink "in moderation" and then watching his two sons pour themselves large drinks, he takes back the bottle and fills his glass to the brim, too. And his timing is perfect when, after accepting his son's ridicule for having once maintained that Shakespeare was an Irish Catholic, he adds quietly, "And so he was."

We first see him really upset when he recognizes signs that his wife is returning to her dope addiction. In a sudden burst of pent-up anger he shouts at her, kicks furiously at a chair, and breaks into tears. But the impact of his family's problems drives him not to solving them but to expressing his own regrets about his career as an actor. And the fact that Olivier *is* a great actor who did *not*, like O'Neill's father, waste his talents in order to make money, and whose spectrum of performances includes *Othello* and *Richard III*, both of which are alluded to in the play, gives an extra dimension to his portrayal.

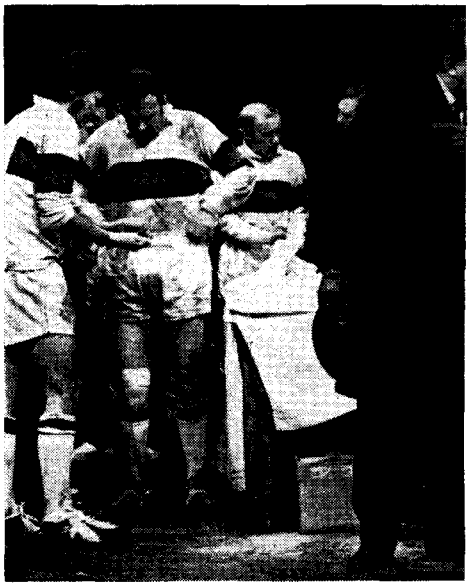
Sublime is his description of how Edwin Booth called James Tyrone's manager aside (with a discreetly wagged finger) and said (in the kind of reverent voice elegant actors use when quoting favorable notices), "That young man is playing Othello better than I ever did!" And starkly pathetic is the moment when he stands on the table to put out the light in order to save money and, with his face next to a glaring naked light bulb, confesses that he'd be willing to have no home but the poorhouse in his old age if he could look back on having been the fine artist he might have been.

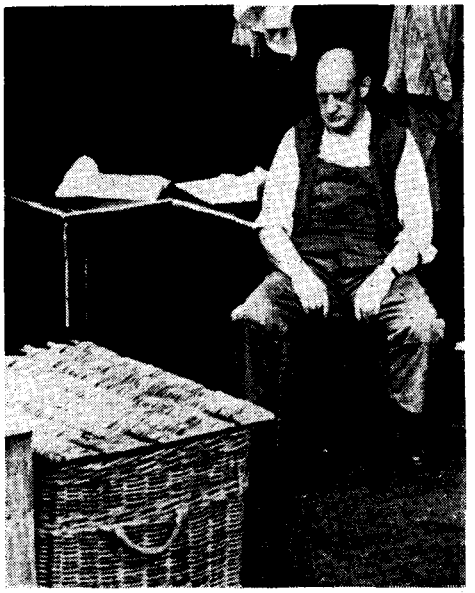
Olivier rises to fever pitch to intensify the recall of his childhood poverty. And in the play's final moment he is most memorable as he simply sits staring at his afflicted wife while holding her wedding dress across his lap.

But like a good father, Olivier doesn't try to steal the play from the others. Ronald Pickup (who is playing the lead in the new National Theatre revival of *Richard II*) offers us a self-reliant Edmund. Dennis Quilley is all Broadway playboy as Jamie. And Constance Cummings brings a strange beauty and girl-woman quality to the role of Mary Tyrone. This casting and the director's approach sacrifice some of the play's relentless-descent-into-Hell quality so that one is tempted to call it *Long Day's Journey into Evening*. Yet it is a splendidly clear and lively realization of the text, highlighted with some great spurts of acting by a great artist.

The National Theatre is also having success with *Jumpers*, a new comedy by that satirical rogue Tom Stoppard, whose *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* it launched in 1966. The title refers to a group of university professors who practice gymnastics as a hobby. We meet these "incredible radical liberal jumpers" at a victory party —the rad-libs have just won an election —where the entertainment includes a girl doing a strip-tease on a swing and the singing of Dotty Moore, a glamorous star played by Diana Rigg. One of the jumpers is shot, and Dotty is told by the vice chancellor to hide the body in her bedroom. The next morning Dotty is in bed, while in the next room her husband, a middle-aged philosophy professor named George Moore, is dictating a lecture to his secretary. As played by Michael Hordern, Professor Moore emerges as a marvelous parody of the academic. Helplessly and hopelessly he plunges into his maze of word manipulations. "To ask *if* God exists is to presuppose the pre-existence of a God who may not exist," he begins, and, building like a domino player, he manages to stray most logically away from his subject.

Meanwhile Dotty is having a nervous breakdown brought on by the first British moon landing, which destroys the romantic image of the moon so essential to the pop songs she sings. The landing also has other consequences. As Dotty puts it: "Man is on the moon and he has seen us whole, all in one go, *little-local*; and all our absolutes, the thou-shalts and the thou-shalt-nots that seemed to be the very condition of our existence, how did *they* look to two astronauts with a single neck to save between them? Like the local customs of another place. When that thought drips through to the bottom, people won't just carry on. There is going to be such breakage, such gnash-





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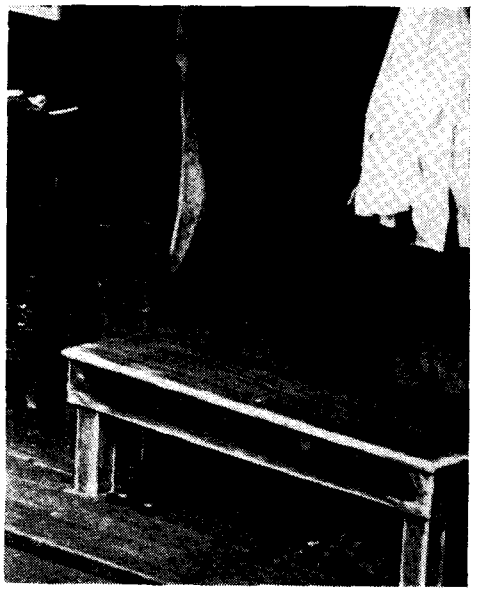
ing of unclean meats, such coveting of neighbors' oxen and knowing of neighbors' wives, such dishonorings of mothers and fathers, and bowings and scrapings to images graven and incarnate. . . . Because the truths that have been taken on trust, they've never had edges before, there was no vantage point to stand on and see where they stopped."

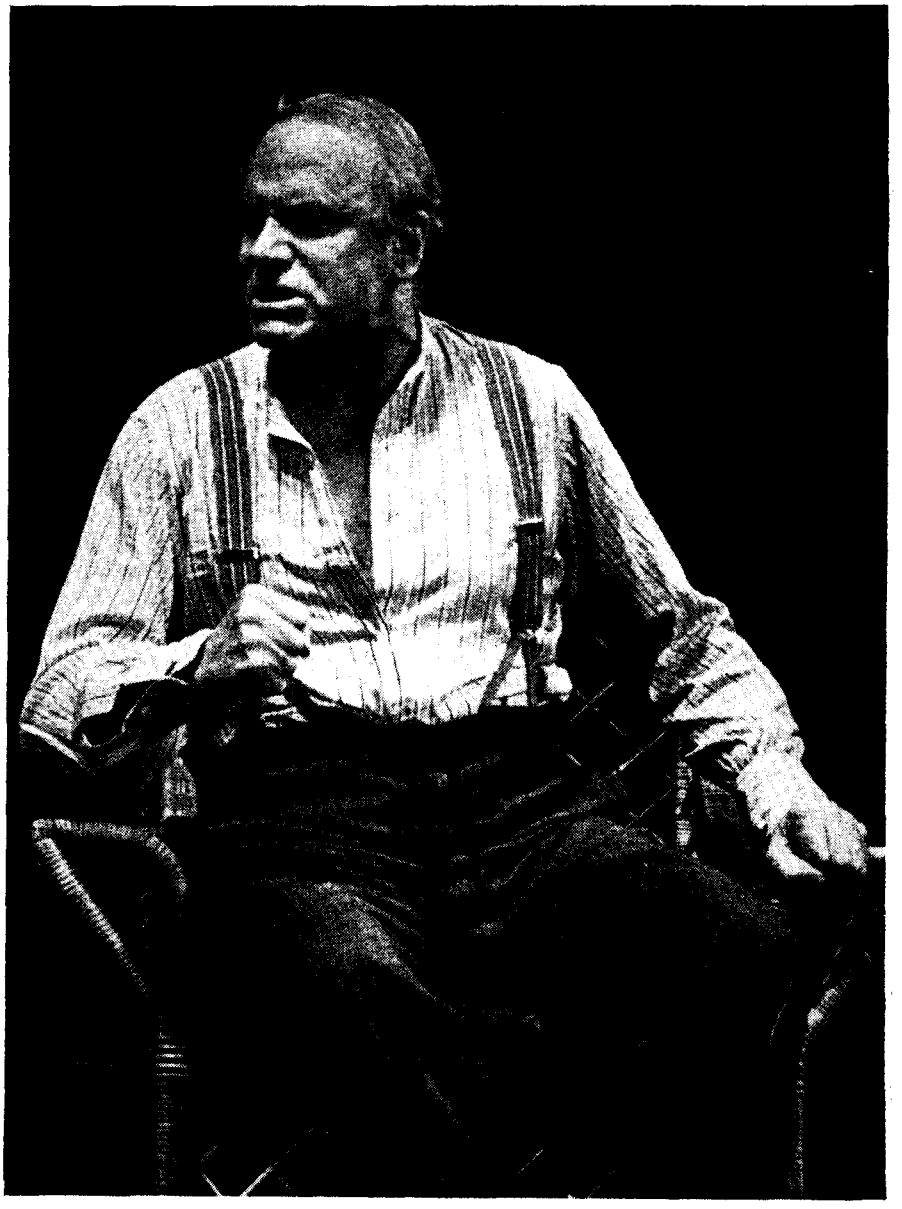
This sort of wild seriocomic stuff does not blend easily with the more obvious kidding that constitutes the bulk of the play. This spoofing, which includes a droll Scotland Yard inspector and the appointment by the rad-lib government of an agnostic as Archbishop of Canterbury, is often quite funny, but, and this is the trouble with satire, we don't care about the characters, and it tends to become a facetious exercise. Nevertheless, Stoppard's inventiveness and brilliance make for a distinctive, unusual, and for the most part entertaining evening. *Jumpers* should stay in the National's repertory a long time, where it will be joined soon by *Richard II*, *The School for Scandal*, in July by *The Front Page*, and in November by *Macbeth* with Anthony Hopkins and Diana Rigg.

The best production to be seen here this winter is *The Changing Room*, the latest play by David Storey, who wrote last season's New York Drama Critics Circle Award-winning *Home*. This new work is hardly a play at all. In the first act a bunch of Rugby players straggle into a locker room and, while bantering in barely understandable North Country dialect, proceed to change from their street clothes into their uniforms. In Act Two the men have left the locker room and the game is going on outside. There is a conversation between the old janitor, who never watches the games, and the wealthy owner of the Rugby Club, who has come in to get warm. At half time the exhausted team returns for a respite, and we see a badly injured player being helped to an ambulance. The last act shows the players showering and getting dressed again after an unexpected victory.

What is good about *The Changing Room* is the accuracy with which it catches this strange phenomenon of men coming together. Instead of plot, there is a series of quick insights into the class-determined relationships between the characters. For instance, the team's captain doesn't dress in the same room with the other men because, if he did, his leadership power would be diminished. Then there is the paradox that emerges in the conversation between the aged attendant and the owner; because the owner is a self-made man from the same class as the

David Storey's "The Changing Room" (left) dramatically contrasts the lively pregame activity of a British Rugby League dressing room with the desolation that sets in when the team is outside playing. Laurence Olivier as James Tyrone (right) rages at his own inner desolation in "Long Day's Journey into Night."





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attendant there is a rapport between them.

Lindsay Anderson has staged the whole business superbly, and it is perhaps his finest in a long list of achievements at the small, subsidized Royal Court Theatre, where the play originated before being moved to the West End.

Another West End transfer from the Royal Court is Albert Finney and Rachel Roberts in *Alpha Beta* by E. A. Whitehead, voted by the London critics the most promising playwright of 1971 for his previous play, *The Foursome*. Written in the Liverpool dialect, *Alpha Beta* shows us glimpses of a disintegrating working-class marriage. In the beginning, Finney expresses comically and then with rage his dissatisfactions with the kind of marriage that drives him and his friends to find consolation in fantasies and dirty jokes. Finney is most moving when he suddenly goes berserk and tears down the wallpaper his wife has just put up, saying, "There is no life in this house. It is dead, dead, dead!"

The husband proceeds to work out an arrangement with his wife as an alternative to breaking up his home. He will earn the money for the family and do his own shopping and laundry. In return he will be free to spend his evenings with whomever he chooses. This scheme irritates the wife, but he tells her, "Your only real grievance is that I'm randy and successful." He suggests that she might be happier if she went out and "got poked," but she vengefully rejects the idea because she wouldn't want to ease his conscience. Thereby the playwright demonstrates for us that the woman is more interested in possessing her husband than she is in her own well-being. Miss Roberts expresses this nicely; she's as much victim as vindictive bitch. In the last act the husband is living with another woman and merely supporting and visiting his wife and children. His wife is wretched and suicidal, while he proclaims himself to be one of the few survivors of the form of ritual slaughter called marriage.

For all of its fine playing and interesting focus, *Alpha Beta* too often seems the portrait of an everymarriage rather than the struggle between two particular personalities. Nevertheless, the acting is excellent with Finney triumphant in his rough candor.

A third Royal Court entry, which received favorable reviews and could have transferred to the West End but decided not to, is Charles Wood's *Veterans*, starring John Gielgud and John Mills as two actors making a movie in Turkey. The play seems to be nothing more than a description of the absurdities that attend the making of such films, and it draws heavily on Gielgud's own personality. Sir John is very funny when he gets angry about small annoyances; also when he hears his flat has been burgled and complains that all people have to do is subscribe to *The Stage* to know just where he is at any given moment. He also has a unique ability to say lines such as "You can't be rude to Americans. They don't believe it," or "They'd be such good friends. They're both insufferable." But the work is very special, more likely to amuse show biz insiders than to interest the general public.

After *Veterans*, the Royal Court will present Harald Mueller's *Big Wolf*, John Antrobus's *Crete and Sergeant Pepper*, John Osborne's adaptation of *Hedda Gabler* with Jill Bennett, and Arnold Wesker's *The Old Ones*.

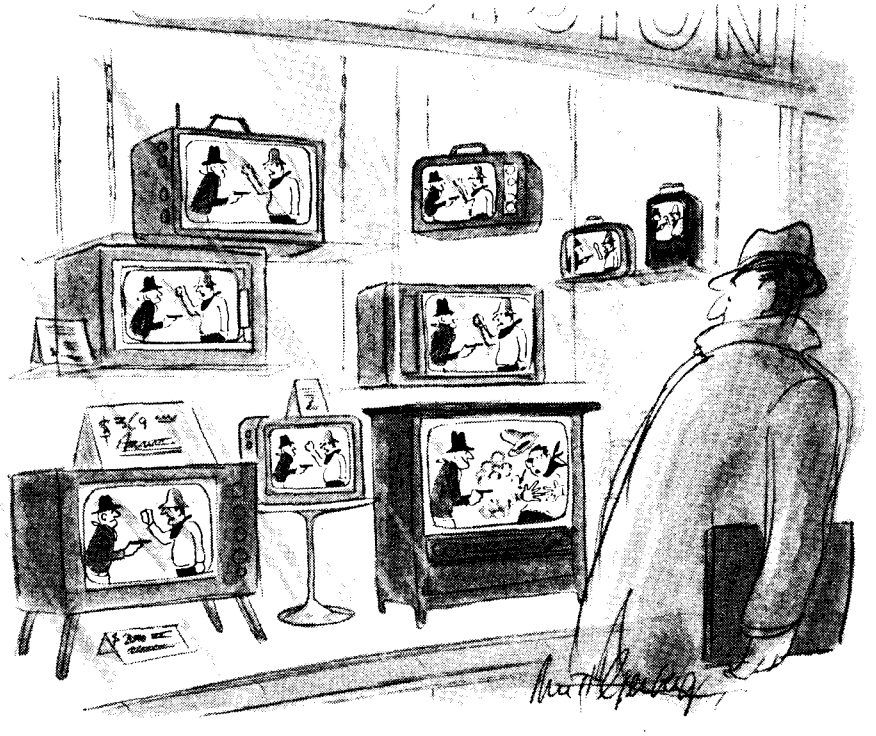
At the Aldwych Theatre, the Royal Shakespeare Company has been offering a repertory of Pinter's *Old Times*, Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, Genet's *The Balcony*, Peter Brook's staging of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and, most recently, Albee's *All Over*, as directed by Peter Hall.

The Albee production is superior to the one presented in New York last March. Set on a raked stage with the dying husband visible in the background, instead of behind a screen as he was in New York, the play seems more active and disturbing. In addition, by having Angela Lansbury play the Mistress with a slightly Southern accent and Peggy Ashcroft remaining very much the Puritan, an allegorical dimension suggests itself. Is the dying man contemporary America and are the two women in his life the North and the South? Do the messed-up son and daughter represent our sterile and decadent future? And is the best friend England no longer able to help us?

Hall has found a rhythm to keep the depressing play moving and a slam-bang ending for the first act to boost the energy level. Dame Peggy manages to be passionately dispassionate and Miss Lansbury formidably cool. Yet the play remains one that will interest the dedicated theatergoer more than the general public.

In addition to the Aldwych repertory, which resumes in June after the annual World Theatre Season, the Royal Shakespeare Company will present five of Shakespeare's Roman plays at Stratford-upon-Avon. They are *Coriolanus* with Ian Hogg (from April 11); *Julius Caesar* (from May 2); *The Comedy of Errors* (from mid-June); *Antony and Cleopatra* with Richard Johnson and Janet Suzman (from mid-August); and *Titus Andronicus* with Colin Blakely (from mid-September).

Although all of this, plus the nearby Chichester Festival, which among other things will present Richard Chamberlain in *The Lady's Not for Burning* (from July 19), comes from subsidized organizations, there is also a fair share of entertainment to be seen in London's commercial theater, including the fabulous Danny La Rue, a stylish *Threepenny Opera*, and a musical version of *Gone with the Wind*. Certainly, the consistency and amount of top-level London theater production remain a source of envy and delight to the American visitor. □



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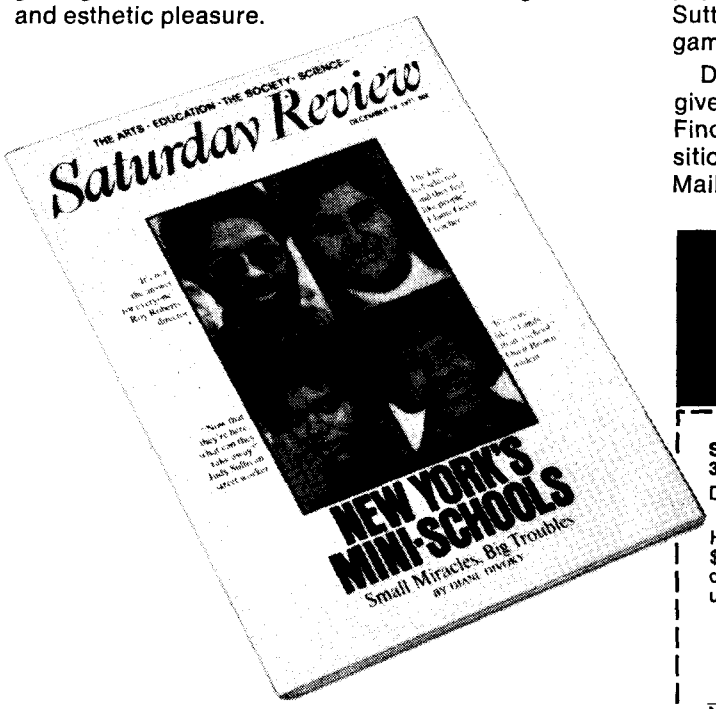

Here's a sampling of some recent and forthcoming articles:

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- What do welfare recipients really want and what will their militants do to get it?
- How to cut through the red tape of Blue Cross.
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Of Mouse and Man

A certain benevolent, even beatific air has settled over central Florida, a tableland once renowned for perfuming the atmosphere with orange blossoms, rippling the lakelands with water skis, and quadrennially thundering to the support of George Corley Wallace, a carpetbagger down from Alabama. The new euphoria, fertilized with the green of new bucks, wreathed in smiles, floating on the gossamer of whimsey, and all but drenched in Wholesome Goodness, has been reliably identified as raw Mouse Power.

Mouse Power is the true derivative of Disneyism, a religion whose hymn is "Whistle While You Work," whose patron saint is Mickey himself, and whose holy see is Walt Disney World, a forty-three-square-mile tract that is twice the size of Manhattan, more than fifty times the real estate of Monaco, and 250 times larger than Vatican City.

Disney World cannot be dismissed as Disneyland East, for it is far more than an amusement park. Its master plan is a scheme for ultimate living—town houses that offer condominium apartments, lakes and recreation areas, six hotels, a hospital, and an office park for tenants who would whistle and work at the same time, even if they were not working for Disney.

More than $400-million had been spent on the first phase of the project when it opened early last fall. The first two hotels and the theme park, the two golf courses and the campgrounds, all of which are in operation, have eaten only 10 per cent of the 27,400 available acres. The fresh-faced kids who run the part of the enterprise already under sail look as if they were recruited from the national company of *Up with People*. They are unfailingly pleasant, unfailingly neat, properly—if that's today's correct word—coifed or barbered, and, taken all together, are what one's grandmother would call "nice-looking boys and girls." The doormen and the valet carhops take no tips; ticket-takers, guides, clerks, and salesgirls in the souvenir stalls end all conversational exchanges with "Have a happy day." Patience seems not only a virtue but drawn from a bottomless pit. The corps of Disney people has already won the hearts of Florida's huge colony of retired citizens, who flock to the rides in the theme park with the avidity of seven-year-olds and no less gleefully.

"We have no employees," say the personnel people who organize the training for those who work at Disney World. "We have only hosts and hostesses." Each gets a basic course in entertaining the public, a curriculum that includes a mandatory showing of *Steamboat Willie*, the first Mickey Mouse film, which appeared in 1928 and is considered the progenitor of all the enterprises—motion pictures and television, Disneyland in California and Florida's new Disney World.

When one talks with Disney executives, Mickey himself seems sometimes to pass from the nether realms of the imagination into the mists of semi-reality. "These are scenes from some of Mickey's hit films," a Disney man said to me one day recently as we passed through the lobby of a theater playing the Mickey Mouse Revue. There, as if they were yellowing likenesses of Eleonora Duse, were pictures of Mickey in such celebrated vehicles as *The Brave Little Tailor* (1928), The Sorcerer's Apprentice segment of *Fantasia* (1940), and, of course, *Steamboat Willie*.

Films shown in an antechamber recall those celluloid days, but inside the main theater a larger-than-life-sized moving model of Mickey, done up in tuxedo and red cummerbund, leads the twenty-three characters of the Mickey Mouse Revue orchestra in a computer-programed stage show that recalls the hit songs that embellished the cartoon days. If the characters are wire and wax, the applause is real. And at high noon when a real live Mickey Mouse comes striding through the main gate leading a rousing marching band and a familiar cast of characters that includes everyone from the Mad Hatter to the March Hare, there is a swell of joy in the part of one's heart that is still young, and the mind slips the shackles of reality, leaving one with naught to do but clutch the hand of a child and shout, "There's Mickey!"

It is just this mirage of happiness-is-always-here that its developers hope will infuse the planned community of Lake Buena Vista, Disney's first venture into real estate development. Hung on the eastern end of Walt Disney World, Lake Buena Vista is leasing its town houses, already built, to the business community. Large corporations are already establishing retreats for their executives and customers, exploring the concept of employee-benefit programs, revitalization plans, and business seminars. Family home sites are being prepared along the golf course fairways, and there are plans for a rustic fishing camp and a sophis-

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ticated browser's paradise in the style of the artsy shops that line the alleys of Carmel and La Jolla in California and Naples and Palm Beach in Florida.

The experiment in good living will keep the automobile on the perimeter of the community, and the residents will be required to make their way from home to shop to clubhouse by boat, electric cart, or bicycle, or on foot. A three-mile system of waterways will weave through the community, and tomorrow's people, living in tomorrow's town, will park their boats in the village marina.

The essence of this style is already evident in the developed corners of Walt Disney World. The entranceway into the grounds, twenty miles from Orlando, expands into a world of green lawns, blue lakes, and sandy beaches. A curious flotilla of watercraft plies the inland seas—steam launches, paddle-wheelers, and an ancient tub with a single stack that looks like the steamer that brought von Aschenbach up the Adriatic in *Death in Venice*. Out in the semiupholstered precincts of Fort Wilderness, campers can rent canoes for a silent expedition among the scrub oaks and pines, a century away from the razzle of the theme park, where the action happens. Here, bearded cypresses hang over the beach, the bay trees bloom white all summer, and one can commune with the coots along a boardwalk that has been stretched over the swamp. Cypress-bark pathways, tan and soft, have been threaded through the wilds, inviting walkers, horseback riders, and bicyclists. Off in these hinterlands, too, is the Tri-Circle D Ranch, where the draft horses that pull old-fashioned trolleys at the theme park are trained. But there are saddle horses, too, and this summer there will be hayrides into the woodlands in search of such real-life animals as deer, armadillos, raccoons, and an occasional bobcat.

By summer, too, there will be 500 camp sites ready for tent or trailer, and one can live in the woods, catching the bus or a steam launch for the trip to the park. But at night one can return to that little camper in the pines and sit around a fire watching nature films.

To be sure, most of the visitors will be parked in the two hotels that are already built. The 1,057-room Contemporary Resort-Hotel is perhaps the season's most exciting inn. It rises like some fourteen-story Giza pyramid with the apex sheared off, the canted walls forming an enormous interior canyon. The shops and restaurants are stretched along a great central concourse, and sitting there at table with the monorails slipping by a few feet

Disney's Contemporary Hotel—Sitting at table with the monorail slipping by is like living a bit of Arthur C. Clarke with a bottle of chablis at one's elbow.

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This seems to be the year of Queen Elizabeth, doesn't it? "Elizabeth R" on TV, plays on and off Broadway, a movie about Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots . . . and now Neville Williams has written an engaging and lively biography, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ELIZABETH I, which explains her appeal at a time when the role of women is so much discussed.

Was Elizabeth one of the first liberated women? Maybe. At any rate, she was a woman in a man's world who declared herself the equal of any man. And she was. Although Robert Cecil, one of her chief ministers, observed that she might be "more than a man" but she was also "sometimes (by troth) less than a woman."

Williams lucidly analyzes the conflicts between the two roles of Queen and woman. It seemed, for instance, that neither Leicester for love nor the French prince Alençon for political advantage could ever supplant the English people in her heart. Was the "Virgin Queen" truly married only to her subjects (for there was to be no other bridegroom during her long reign) or was she a calculating advocate of the public image who turned an apparent disadvantage—her femininity—into cool advantage?

As Lady Antonia Fraser says in her introduction: "It is such unresolved questions as these about the mysterious inner character of Gloriana, the outwardly glittering centre of a splendid court, which make her such an eternally fascinating subject for biography."

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L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

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away—the trains run through the middle of the hotel—is rather like living a piece of Arthur C. Clarke with a bottle of B.V. chablis cooling at one's elbow.

On the other hand, the view from the rooftop restaurant, called Top of the World, puts the park in the proper perspective. From there the flatlands of Florida seem to stretch into tomorrow, interrupted only by that Camelot that is the park, its castle towers stretching like sharpened pencils into the morning sky. It seems, then, like a leprechaun's fancy, some Brigadoon that may with the morrow evanesce into the mists of the bog.

The lakes and lagoons are sprinkled about the grounds, and the back of the hotel faces not the amusement center but an outdoor world of sports. There are three pools and a beach, a volleyball court on dry land and another in the water, tennis courts and swings, catamarans and pontoon boats, houseboats, and a sidewalk café strung along the piers.

If the Contemporary Resort-Hotel is geared for young action, the Polynesian Village is toned down to the twang of a slack-key guitar. The Papeete Bay Verandah is more Bora-Bora than Trader Vic's even if the Hungarian chef who once worked at the White House as well as for Howard Hughes is the man who dishes up the Chinese-Polynesian mélange. At dusk barefoot runners trot through the underbrush carrying lighted torches, just the way they do in touristland Hawaii. Swimmers can splash into the bay from a make-do Waikiki or sit under the pool's waterfall, back-country-Tahiti style. Any hammock loller stirred by a sudden burst of ambition can amble over to the neighboring golf courses called Palm and Magnolia, after the foliage that predominates along their respective fairways. There are carts but no caddies, and only the flamingos or a watchful partner is on hand to witness any duffer who takes a mulligan.

The Magic Kingdom itself, lest I seem to give it short shrift, is still, despite all the other diversions, the eye of the hurricane. On weekends and holiday weeks it fairly seethes with humanity scrambling for a piece of its papier-mâché world. Twice, since the opening, the managers closed the parking lots for fear the clog of people would stop the World in mid-spin.

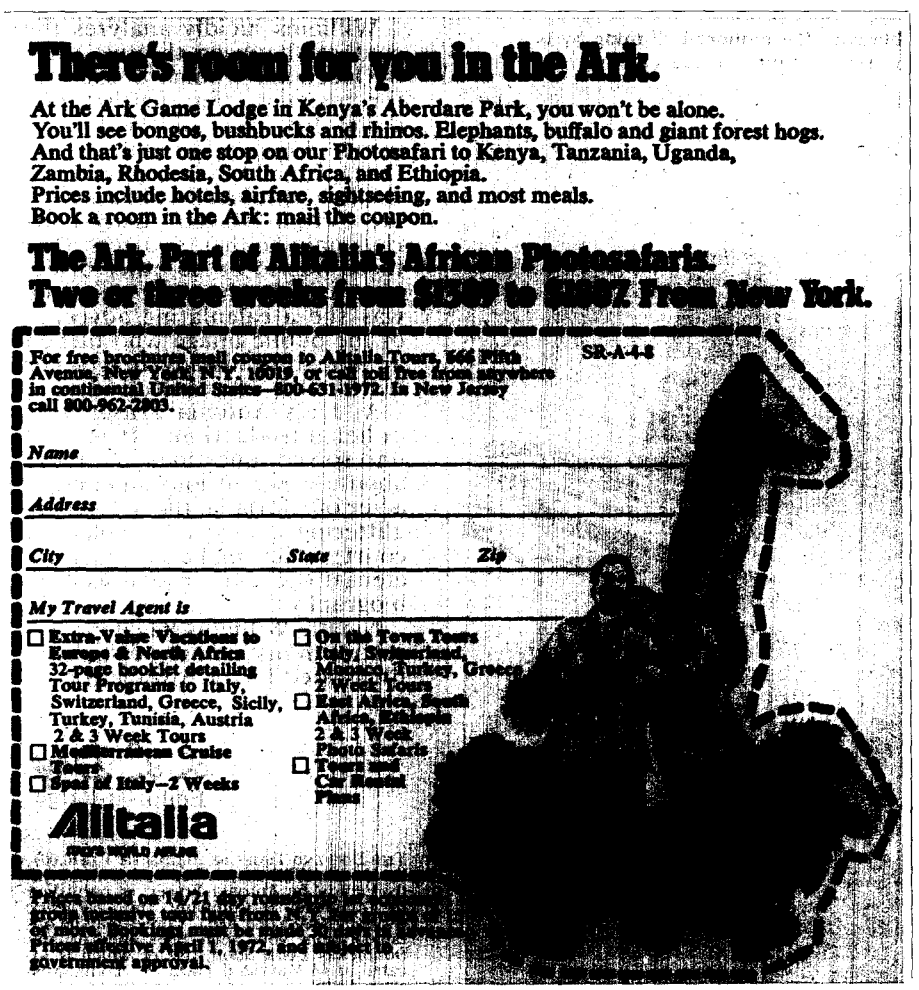
For explorers who have been to California there is much that is familiar, especially the vintage Main Street with its turn-of-the-century cars, double-decked buses, horse-drawn trolleys, and period storefronts that hearken back to the day when "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" was a snappy tune. The Disney animators have come east bearing Mr. Toad's Wild Ride, Peter Pan's flight over the London rooftops, the Jungle Cruise, which turns up hippos and bathing elephants, and Small World, that trip to the land of goodness that also played the World's Fair in New York.

A troupe of eighteen bears—shall I let on that they are mechanical and electronically animated?—is making its debut in an act that never appeared in California. Known as the Country Bear Jamboree, the bears talk pure bluegrass, sing nasal ballads, and strum such stradivarii of the hill country as a washboard, a mouth organ, and a one-string "thing." Liverlips McGrowl and Big Albert, in his tenth farewell performance, singing "Blood on the Saddle" are the stars.

But the most imaginative tour de force yet concocted in the Disney laboratories has to be the Haunted Mansion, a Hudson River haunt for spirits and spooks. The brave who venture inside find themselves in a room whose floor suddenly sinks, depositing them in a basement dungeon, there to board a doom buggy for a wild ride through graveyards where hands try to push open the nailed-down lids of coffins, green hands reach out of graves, and severed heads chant eerily. The ride passes a stately ballroom where dancers waltz and are apparitions one instant and are gone the next. Before the buggy returns to reality, it pauses so you can see yourself in a mirror with a ghost seated alongside, assuring you he will follow you to your hotel.

The way things look now, there will scarcely be room at any nearby inn for a ghost, much less a warm body, at least until more hotels are built. Walt Disney World has attracted a number of lesser planets. Sea World, that underwater circus from San Diego, is bringing a $12-million attraction to a locale just off the Bee Line Expressway. It expects to clock two million visitors during its second year. Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Combined Shows, Inc., is talking about a 600-acre circus and animal show ten miles south of Disney World. Oddly, a similar scene drew so few visitors when the circus had its winter home at Sarasota, that it left town.

Dick Pope's venerable Cypress Gardens, the central Florida water-ski show at Winter Haven, half an hour away, has already doubled its business. So far one still rides through an avenue of deep-green orange groves on the way from Orlando Airport to Disney World. But there are said to be 25,000 hotel rooms under way in the area. Mickey may yet put Florida out of the orange business. For a mouse, that's real muscle. □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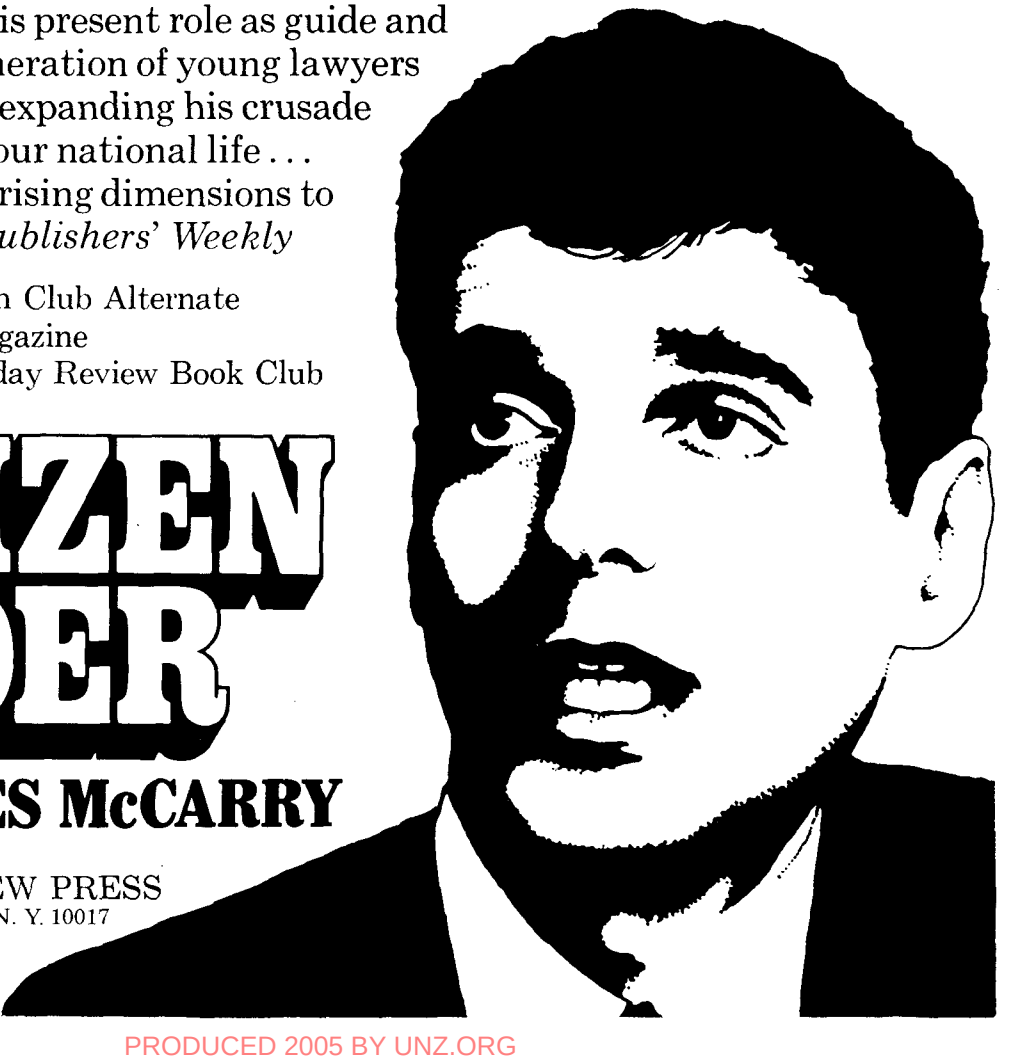

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Letters to the Editor

Safe Seats

One very significant fact was omitted from Herbert R. Mayes's article "Oh, What a Lovely Way to Run an Election" [*SR*, March 11]. In Great Britain, as long as candidates are citizens, of age, and do not fall into a rather odd assortment of categories—viz., criminals, bankrupts, lunatics, peers, or clergymen of the Roman or the established church—they may run for the House of Commons in any constituency in the nation.

There is no law that requires a member of Parliament to be a resident of his own district. Many seats are considered "safe" seats by both political parties and are reserved for candidates who would never be elected in their own place of residence. In effect, this procedure ensures that a member of Parliament will support policies that reflect the desires of the entire nation rather than local constituent interests. There is no way, short of an extraordinary political upheaval, that a Republican from Alabama or a Democrat from Vermont is likely ever to sit in the United States Senate, whereas under the British system each of these hypothetical men of wisdom would be elected by running for a safe seat in another part of the country.

Robert J. Bruce,
Bard College,
Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.

ZPG

Re: Wade Greene's "The Militant Malthusians" [*SR*, March 11]. The Netherlands has a population density of 980 per square mile; Belgium has 870, Japan 735, West Germany 640, Britain 915. But in the United States the population density is only 69 per square mile in the forty-eight continental states; the figure diminishes to 58 in all fifty states. I say the United States will one day have more than one billion happy people enjoying a high standard of living. That would work out to a population density of just 335 people per square mile!

Anthony P. Cima,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The United States does not have a population problem, although there may be a geographic distribution imbalance. According to the government's chief demographer, 70 per cent of the people have jammed themselves onto 20 per cent of the land.

Anthony Soychak,
Gorham, Me.

How appropriate that Zero Population Growthers should chuckle, "Today the U.S., tomorrow the whole world!" That they advocate an impersonal agent to decree the number of children parents may have proves that they have embraced Nazi principles. So why not Nazi slogans? The Nazis encouraged a baby boom; Zero Population Growthers champion a baby bust. The philosophies of control underlying the goals of both groups are identical—and identically odious.

Ellen N. Langston,
New Orleans, La.

While Wade Greene's article accurately outlines the decidedly two-sided argument of whether or not the United States can sustain a burgeoning population, I believe it ignores the crucial factor by which this country's policy should be determined. Although it may be true that our projected growth rate will not bring us to the present European density for many years, and although it may be equally true that we will have the capacity to feed, clothe, and house such a population—perhaps even comfortably—none of this speaks to the real issue. Because of our extravagant per capita consumption of natural resources, it is irresponsible to consider the problem of American population growth in strictly national terms.

It should not be necessary to catalogue data in support of this assertion; these facts have been widely publicized by numerous sources, including Dr. Paul Ehrlich himself. One of the more significant yardsticks that may be applied is the production of electrical energy that, in addition to depleting finite resources, usually pollutes the air and water quite effectively.

Barring some sudden radical lowering of our standard of living, there is a high price to be paid if America does not achieve Zero Population Growth. And this price will not be paid by Americans; it will be borne by the less developed majority. Our expanding population is a luxury we may be able to afford, but the world certainly cannot.

Bill Orme,
Black Mesa Defense,
Sante Fe, N.M.

"Our Intelligence reports their Intelligence is stupid."

Faulty Buses

Re: Colman McCarthy's "The Faulty School Buses" [*SR*, March 11]. Mr. McCarthy describes changes made in the thickness of the bumpers of GM buses and states that this will considerably increase the risk of death and injury to thousands of school children. No connection is shown between the thickness of the bumper and the safety of the passengers. I fail to see how decreasing the bumper thickness one-eighth of an inch has any effect at all on the safety of the children inside the bus. Perhaps it does, but the article doesn't show it.

The bulk of the article contains an excellent description of the trials and tribulations of the Donovan family. But please tell me what the lack of a carpet on the living room floor, a meal of meat loaf, the ethnic background of Donovan's wife, a crib in the middle of a room, a third-floor walkup, etc., have to do with the safety of school buses. If the purpose of the article was to catalogue what happens when an individual is pitted against the system, it has certainly succeeded in doing so. But if the purpose was to indict GM for failing to take adequate precautions in the production of school buses, the article does a sorry job in proving its thesis.

J. F. Enrietto,
Bethel Park, Pa.

Hanging Around Words

Re: John Ciardi's "Manner of Speaking" [*SR*, March 11]. Words today mean what they mean today, not what they meant when they were first coined. Must we limit the use of the word "sycophant" to "fig seekers" as the original word meant? (There was a duty on figs, and sycophants

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were people who curried favor by seeking out fig smugglers.)

Germans who followed this idea attacked Freud for claiming he found hysteria in men. The word "hysteria" is derived from the Greek word meaning womb, and, since men have no wombs, they could not be hysterical.

Lee Epstein,
New York, N.Y.

"Meat" once meant food generally, and it still appears in this context in "sweetmeats" and "meat and drink," but that does not make it wrong for us (or a poet) to mean no more by it than flesh (German *Fleisch*).

Mr. Ciardi will believe I intend no ill if I call someone silly, because we know that its predecessor once meant happy. But it may have slipped his mind that daisy was named for the sun, the day's eye; the word "lord" comes from *hlafweard* (loaf-guardian), now bread-winner. But I do not believe a poet needs to keep such stray bits in mind any more than I believe that Matthew Arnold intended to echo Greek myth when he wrote "echoing straits between us thrown." The line reverberates anyway.

George P. Faust,
Lexington, Ky.

Ma Bell

Re: Nicholas Johnson's "Why Ma Bell Still Believes in Santa" [*SR*, March 11]. If the American people are naïve enough to believe Mr. Johnson and accept his proposal to break AT&T into manageable pieces or nationalize it, they deserve to have our government run our communications networks. I can imagine it now: out of service for extended periods of time; constantly busy circuits; indifferent service representatives, operatives, installers, etc. Within a year the American public would be begging to have Ma Bell to kick around once more. Why don't we learn from the railroads what bad regulation can do to a great industry?

Judy L. Norwood,
Springfield, Mo.

Many of us pay telephone bills that are greater than our electric power bills. We pay more for a few local and long-distance telephone calls than we pay for having our houses lighted, our food frozen, refrigerated, and cooked, our clothing washed, dried, and ironed, our oil burners run, and so forth. If we had only one power company for the entire nation, and it purchased all its equipment from one supplier (which it owned), and we the users had to rent our light bulbs and appliances from the power company, our electric bills would be so great that most of us would have to huddle under one 25-watt light bulb to read the evening newspaper.

George E. Sauer,
West Stockbridge, Mass.

What really keeps telephone service rates from being a formidable part of our family budgets these days is the remarkable progress that has been made over the years in reducing the amount of capital investment required to handle a phone call, not to mention the reduction in operating costs in terms of salaries. This progress is remarkable, not only because of its magnitude, but because it has been made in the absence of any external stimulus, notably competition. If this much progress has been made by Ma Bell in her slow, plodding way, what could have been done if competition had been encouraged? We will never know until we try it.

Donald A. Justice,
Encino, Calif.

To the layman, making a phone connection across the country is a marvelous thing, but that is a view that I think Bell has fostered. In fact, the phone system is very simple—witness the recent rash of "phone freaks" who have little trouble deducing the operation of a basically simple system for their own advantage. Thus, Bell preserves its precious capital investment and its antiquated methods. As an example of obsolete technology, consider the ordinary handset. With the exception of its colored plastic casing, it is identical to the ones introduced in the Thirties. It is probably more costly for Bell to continue making it the same way than it would be to change. Bell's rationale for continuing with antiquated gear is that it preserves continuity of service, but the phone company is still doing the same thing it was doing fifteen years ago.

Edward F. Miller, Jr.,
Goleta, Calif.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Giulini's Mahler; Hoiby's "Summer and Smoke"

Carlo Maria Giulini, Italy's premier conductor and now its most wanted export to the world's orchestral market, devoted the whole of one of his rare appearances with The Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall to a single work, the Ninth Symphony of Gustav Mahler. It was a choice as productive as it was prudent, matching strength to strength and virtue to virtue.

The eloquent results were concentrated in the opening and closing slow movements, which contain the most of what the composer has to say in this work. These are warmly reminiscent of past pleasures but also keenly responsive to the grimmer uncertainties of health that resulted in Mahler's death a year after he completed the Symphony in 1910. Almost compulsively, the first movement picks up from the ending of its predecessor, the great *Das Lied von der Erde.* This relates not only to temper and spirit but actually to the same tone (A), with which *Das Lied* ends. The Ninth is thus less a phenomenon in itself than an ongoing element in the absorption with life and death that were Mahler's philosophic companions at the time.

The match of strengths and virtues included not only Giulini's vis-à-vis Mahler but the great orchestra's qualities toward the specific requirements of this plangent score. In the first respect, it was Giulini's constant pursuit of the work's *melos* (as Wagner called the prevailing line of a musical creation) with all the fervor of his Mediterranean nature. In the second, it was the vibrant responsiveness of the Philadelphia's strings and winds, which enabled Giulini to blend sounds and shape lines into plastic contours that Mahler could only suggest with notation.

No symphony is formally "complete" with only a first and a last movement (even if it is by Schubert), and Mahler extended himself considerably to provide the traditional four with two internal sections in contrasting tempos. They have their share of arresting content but not, in my view, the flow of ideas-into-forms that gives the first and last movements their sense of inevitability.

Giulini's version lasted nearly fifteen minutes longer than the median time of seventy-five minutes printed in the score. As he omitted a repeat in Movement III, this tells something of the lengths to which the Andante and Adagio were stretched. That they nevertheless retained tensile strength and listening interest was a tribute both to the conductor's ideas and their translation into sound by the orchestra's outstanding horn section, led by the impeccable Mason Jones. Important contributions were also made by such soloists as principal cellist Samuel Mayes and David Madison, the orchestra's longtime associate concertmaster.

In the interior movements, Giulini has yet to evolve as valid a plan of performance. Too often he was pursuing top and bottom lines, without an equal drawing-together of middle voices to make a tight tonal texture out of a multitude of individual strands. Nor was balance all it might have been. One could observe, for example, the triangle player preparing himself for the moment to add his modest but important tinkle in Movement III. He did it precisely on time, but it was for the eye alone. At that moment, Giulini was so engaged with other matters that this delicate detail was inundated by other sound. Withal, it was an evening of traditional "Philadelphia" excellence, which is not always heard from the orchestra in these days of frequent guest conductors. At the end, the players offered Giulini the tribute of their own applause for his part in the result.

That curious collection of impulses and emotions that Tennessee Williams chronicled in *Summer and Smoke* has been converted into an opera with music by Lee Hoiby, which the New York City Opera is expounding during its spring season in Lincoln Center. Though the scenery by Lloyd Evans is new—and almost unnecessarily elaborate—the principal roles are again being performed by John Reardon (John) and Mary Beth Peil (Alma) under the direction of Frank Corsaro, as they were at the work's premiere at the Center Opera in St. Paul, Minnesota, last summer.

For Julius Rudel, who conducted, it was a harvest reaped from seeds planted years ago at the City Center on 55th Street. Here Hoiby first spread his lyric wings, initially for the brief flight of *The Scarf*, a one-acter, and then the longer span of *Natalia Petrovna.* Each had its share of promise, fulfilled in the technical expertise of *Summer and Smoke.* But what affiliated them most with the present project was Hoiby's consistency in choice of subject matter. *The Scarf* was an adaptation from Chekhov, *Natalia Petrovna* another way of saying Turgenev's *A Month in the Country.*

From Chekhov and Turgenev to Tennessee (actually, Glorious Hill, Mississippi) may strike some as a long leap, but Hoiby's affinity to his Russian and American sources clearly relates to character rather than geography, and interior rather than exterior drama. Nothing much that is exterior really happens between John and Alma. The promise in their proximity from childhood remains unfulfilled. As Williams himself has said, *Summer and Smoke* is about two people who are never at the same place at the same time, emotionally—which would seem to be a nonreason for writing about them. But mood can be pervasive, lack of fulfillment a fulfillment in itself.

For this to work, it seems to me, the audience must become interested in the individuals for themselves rather than in the dramatic possibilities of their interaction. But are young Dr. John Buchanan—with a taste in women that ranges from Rosa Gonzales, provocative daughter of a Mexican tavern keeper, to Nellie Ewell, plump beauty just back from finishing school—and Alma, the repressed daughter of the Reverend Winemiller and his clearly nutty wife, sufficiently possessed of character to be worth an evening's musical involvement?

To be sure, great operas have been written around unsatisfactory librettos, for the most part by composers with the strength of purpose to transcend them. Hoiby clearly is not of that mind. He does his level artistic best to give every value of Williams's play the prominence it merits in Lanford Wilson's adroit abridgment. He has thoroughly assimilated the 1900-1916 period of the action, writing music that is both singable and listenable. He has also gone beyond the *materia musica* of "La Golondrina" and "The Land of the Sky Blue Waters," which Williams deemed acceptable for the play, but he has varied the emphasis more in degree than in kind. Both Reardon and Miss Peil have opportunity to involve their vocal resources as qualified opera singers, and a more likable pair of unlikable people would be hard to find. The softened vowels of the Mississippi dialect tended to diminish verbal clarity, though both principals applied themselves conscientiously to the problem.

In the aggregate, the Hoibyized *Summer and Smoke* left with me the memory of several well-written scenes rather than one of a cumulative totality. In other words, Hoiby did reasonably well something he should probably not have done at all. The performers carefully characterized under Corsaro's suitable direction included Barbara Shuttleworth as Nellie and J. B. Davis as Reverend Winemiller and David Rae Smith as Dr. Buchanan, the fathers of the nonlovers. □

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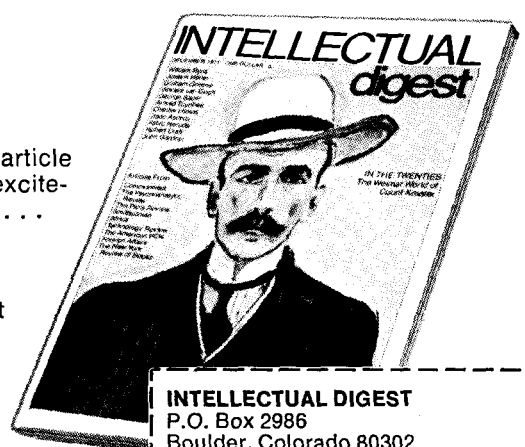

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John Ciardi

Esthetic Wisdom

The interpreters of the *Divine Comedy* have generally taken Vergil to be the allegorical figure of Human Reason. Vergil is summoned from Limbo by Beatrice, who is commonly but inadequately thought to be the allegorical figure of Divine Revelation, sent to guide Dante on the first part of his journey to God. Because Human Reason by itself cannot lead one to God, a higher guide must take over later, and Beatrice turns out to be that guide.

Vergil, along with all the souls of Dante's Limbo, represents the highest level the human mind can reach without the light of God, which Christ brought to mankind. The souls of Limbo live in a hemisphere of their own light that is a glory in comparison to anything but the light of God. That radiance in Limbo is as magnificent on the human scale as it is insignificant on the absolute or divine scale, and certainly it must represent the glory of man's intellect.

The interpreters who take Vergil to be the figure of Human Reason can, therefore, cite the very nature of Limbo in defense of their interpretation. Yet if that is truly Vergil's allegorical function, Limbo certainly could have offered Dante a better guide than Vergil. The central soul of Limbo, the one who sits highest there, "ringed by the great souls of philosophy," is Aristotle, whom Dante describes as "the master of those who know." If Dante's guide is to be an allegorical figure of Human Reason, the choice clearly should have been Aristotle, for Dante is no man to accept a second-best means of achieving his "high theme."

The choice of Aristotle would have presented problems, to be sure. Dante knew Latin as well as he knew Italian, but he knew no Greek and had read Aristotle only in translation. He could not speak to the philosopher in his native tongue—a fact that would be more important to a poet than to most other men. That problem, however, is only a problem, and it is solvable. Since Dante assumes supernatural powers for the purpose of his allegory, he could have granted himself an instant fluency in Greek (though Dante, the poet, would have shuddered at the language problem he was creating for himself), or he might have granted Aristotle an instant knowledge of Italian, as he granted it to Vergil, who died long before Italian emerged.

There were, however, many reasons for Dante to choose Vergil as his guide. Vergil was Dante's elected master of poetic style. Dante had all but memorized the *Aeneid* and draws on it constantly in his *Comedy*. He saw the *Comedy*, in fact, as a sequel to the *Aeneid*, which was the epic of secular Rome as the *Comedy* was meant to be the epic of sacred Rome. There was even a medieval legend that Vergil was a magician (his Fourth Eclogue was believed to have prophesied the birth of Christ) and that he had been summoned by a witch to bring back a soul from the lowest pit of Hell, whereby, having been through it once before, he would know the territory.

All these, however, are good but secondary reasons. The first reason for Dante's choice of Vergil is that the poet is not exactly the allegorical figure of Human Reason but of something best called, I think, Esthetic Wisdom.

Esthetic Wisdom is the sum total of all that a great artist becomes in his life's exposure to his medium. That total includes logical process but is not confined to it. It is a body of knowledge. To assert that there is something called Esthetic Wisdom is to make a general claim for the arts as a special kind of human experience; it is to say that such a body of knowledge exists and that art is the one means of acquiring it.

It may not be possible to define, or even to describe adequately, what that body of knowledge is, and how art is the means to it. Scholars, with their talent for categories, have tended to deny its existence.

One can try, however. Imagine Shakespeare on his deathbed, his eyes taking their last looks at world and time. When, in a minute or an hour, those eyes close forever, a power of seeing will have passed. Will the world ever again be seen as it was seen then? That understanding, imagination, talent, wit, inventiveness, sympathy, responsiveness, that prop room full of ghosts, *personae*, images—that total body of experience and ability that ceased to be when Shakespeare's eyes closed—*that* is Esthetic Wisdom.

It is not a clinician's thing. If the subject is horses, Esthetic Wisdom would be a way of comprehending the horse not as the veterinarian knows it but as the jockey does. Jockeys are not generally thought of as learned men, nor do they know what the veterinarian knows about horses. But they know—the good ones—what veterinarians do not know: what the horse is going to do even before the horse knows it is going to do it.

If a horse is too lowly a creature for pondering lofty matter, let us go up a notch and consider Falstaff. Shakespeare's body of knowledge certainly included an ear for Flagstaff's diction and cadences. It sensed the gestures and postures of a Falstaff within the conventions of the stage, and it knew when they had come to a true human equivalence. A poet's body of knowledge has, in addition to its own nervous system, a separate vine of nerves that reaches into the character imagined, receives signals from that character, and checks them against the poet's, so to speak, "reserved" nervous system. That reserved system then says, "Yes, that is right and human" or "No, it won't do." The body of knowledge feels itself and its relation to everything else. It cannot be divided into chapters to be put into a textbook and memorized. It cannot be approached except by indirection. The artist's environment is not the world, but the world as his medium reveals it.

Years ago, the psychiatrist Frederick Wertham spent many hours interviewing a young man charged with matricide. The young man was nearly illiterate; yet, as Wertham listened, he began to feel that he had heard it all before. He eventually turned to *Hamlet* and then to Aeschylus' *Oresteia.* In these plays, Wertham found much of what he had just heard from the young man he had been interviewing—not exactly the same words, but the same feelings stated in the same order.

Wertham need not have felt surprise. He had located in the plays that ability to project oneself vicariously into an emotional situation, which is exactly what we expect of great artists and is what lesser artists try to achieve.

Aeschylus and Shakespeare were not matricides. They were special men capable of understanding what is human. When the human thing turned out to be a matricide, they imagined themselves in that situation (sent out their nerve nets) and brought back exactly the reactions and the order of reactions the clinician will eventually parse out of the actual matricide.

I don't like the word "wisdom." It tends to sit a bit sententiously in my vocabulary. Yet every word will find its exact place in time, and here no other will do. That body of knowledge and experience that senses the world as Aeschylus and Shakespeare sensed it is Esthetic Wisdom. Art is not its ornament but its way of knowing. It is what Robert Frost called "a thought-felt thing." It is the essential human act and the consequence of good art. It is what Vergil represents in the *Divine Comedy*—not Human Reason, and not antireason, but reasoning that leads to a way of seeing, recognizing, reacting, and giving order to. □

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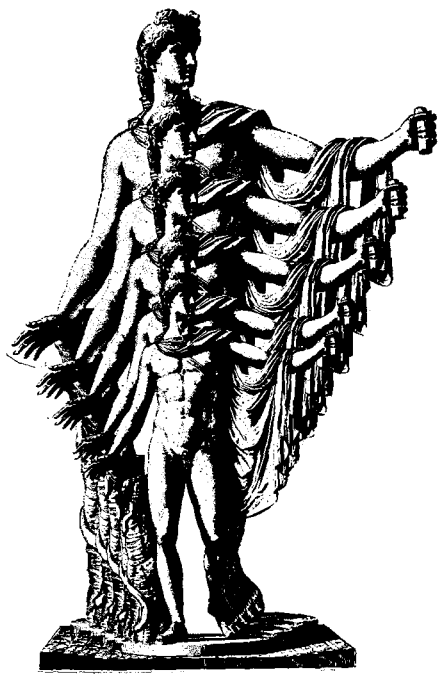
Genetic Engineering Portends a

Grave New World

Who will answer the complex moral questions raised?

BY CARYL RIVERS



A society matron proudly introduces her two sons and her daughter. They are her children by every biological rule but one: She has never been pregnant. Sex cells from her body and her husband's body were implanted three times in the womb of a "proxy mother," who was paid a union wage to carry each fetus and give birth.

An astronaut is carried aboard a space vehicle destined to probe the outer limits of this galaxy. He has no legs. Legs would be only an inconvenience during the years in which the astronaut will be confined to his spaceship. For this reason he was programed to be born legless.

A Latin American dictator has some skin tissue scraped from his left arm. Nine months later, five hundred babies emerge from a factory that contains five hundred artificial wombs. The babies are genetic carbon copies of the dictator.

Although fiction today, these events could become realities with relatively slight advances in man's most adventurous and morally complex science, genetic engineering.

This new science is experimenting with a technique that would make possible the manipulation of an embryo during gestation so as to change its physical characteristics. It may offer an alternative to natural human reproduction—a process that would allow the implantation of a fertilized ovum in the womb of a "host" mother or in an artificial womb inside a laboratory. Not too far off, according to specialists in the field, is the possibility of creating children with only one parent who will be biological duplicates of that single parent. Genetic engineering, in short, is on the brink of

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revolutionizing the traditional concepts of man, God, and creation.

The moral questions posed by recent advances in this and related life sciences are no longer speculative. They have to be faced as practical realities, and, in parts of the scientific community, this is now being done. Indeed, a heated debate is in progress. Some scientists encourage genetic experimentation, putting their faith in man's rational power. They say, in effect, that the only thing too sacred to tamper with is scientific investigation itself. Others, however, point to numerous instances in which technology has outrun man's wisdom (nuclear stockpiles, for example), and they warn that if guidelines in genetic technology are not immediately set forth, geneticists may bring into being a terrifying, uncontrollable Huxleian nightmare.

Those who urge restraint say it is past time to start thinking about controls for genetic technology. Scientific advances have already made it possible to change fundamentally the human reproductive process. The Caesarean section is now a common operation and constitutes a basic tampering with the way in which babies are born. There have already been successful blood transfusions to unborn children in cases of Rh blood incompatibility. An estimated 25,000 women whose husbands are sterile resort to artificial insemination in this country each year, and more than a third of them give birth as a result.

Test-tube fertilization of a human ovum is already a reality. In 1950 Dr. Landrum Shettles of Columbia University said he had achieved in vitro —outside the womb—fertilization of an ovum and had maintained the embryo's life for six days. In 1961 Dr. Daniele Petrucci of the University of Bologna claimed he had fertilized an egg in vitro and that the embryo lived for twenty-nine days, although it became enlarged and deformed. His work was condemned by Pope John XXIII.

Perhaps the most advanced work in the field is being done at Cambridge University in England by Drs. Robert G. Edwards and P. S. Steptoe. They have produced the best evidence to date of true in vitro fertilization and are presently attempting to implant the fertilized egg in the uterus of the donor. They obtain the ova for their experiments from volunteer women who are seeking to overcome infertility. One woman, for example, had blocked Fallopian tubes that made normal conception impossible.

Once an ovum can be successfully implanted in the womb, the way is open for "proxy mothers." A fertilized ovum could be removed from the womb of a woman after she had conceived and then be implanted in the uterus of another woman who would ultimately give birth. The child, of course, would carry the genetic identity of its true parents. The proxy mother would be only a temporary host, with no genetic relationship to the child. Technology could go one step further and simply eliminate the process of pregnancy and childbirth altogether. A human embryo could be removed from the uterus and placed in an artificial womb. A prototype of such a device was constructed by Dr. Robert Goodlin at Stanford University. It is a pressurized steel chamber containing an oxygen-rich saline solution that would push the oxygen through the body of the fetus. A fetus put into the chamber, however, would perish from its own wastes, which the placenta draws off in natural pregnancy. Dr. Goodlin is doing no further work in the area and has announced that he does not intend to resume his experiments with the artificial womb.

At the National Heart Institute at Bethesda, Maryland, Drs. Warren Zapol and Theodore Kolobow are placing lamb fetuses in a liquid solution and attaching the umbilical cords to machinery that contains an artificial lung, a pump, and a supply of nutrients. The fetuses survive several days before "dying" of cardiac arrest.

Such *ex utero* gestation might offer some obvious advantages. If made common practice, doctors would be able to monitor the growth of the embryo closely. A new specialist, the "fetologist," would check to ensure normal development and catch possible medical problems in the earliest stages. The trauma of birth, from which some babies die or suffer injury, would be avoided altogether. *Ex utero* development would make more likely manipulation of the developing fetus to change its sex, size, and other physical characteristics.

French biologist Jean Rostand speculated that, once the size of the human brain is not limited by the size of the female pelvis, it might be possible to double the number of fetal brain cells. Would this produce superintelligent people or monstrous misfits? Where will the line be drawn between legitimate medical practices and a Frankenstein-like toying with the human condition? And who will draw the line?

Another possibility of genetic engineering that raises serious moral questions is the creation of what are called clones—carbon copies of a human being already in existence, resulting from a process much more revolutionary than the merging of sperm and egg in a test tube.

Normally, the sexual process by which life begins guarantees the diversity of the species. The child inherits characteristics from both the mother and the father so that, while he may resemble either or both of them, he is unique. There are two kinds of cells in the human body—sex cells (ova and sperms) and body cells. Each body cell has a nucleus containing forty-six characteristic-determining chromosomes. Sex cells have only half that number. A merger of two sex cells is required for the resulting zygote to have a complete set of chromosomes and to begin dividing.

But human reproduction could take another route. Body cells contain the requisite number of chromosomes to start a new individual, but they cannot divide the way the fertilized egg does. The body cells have very specialized jobs to do. Some go into making hair, others teeth, others skin, and so forth. Only the part of the body-cell mechanism that is useful in its specific job gets "switched on." If a body cell could receive a signal to switch on all of its mechanisms, it would divide and subdivide and multiply, finally developing into a new human being.

Accordingly, if such a "switching on" technique were developed, a body cell could be taken from a donor—scraped from his arm, perhaps—and be chemically induced to start dividing. The cell could be implanted in an artificial womb or in the uterus of a woman, where, presumably, it would develop like a normal fetus. The baby would be genetically identical to the donor of the cell—his twin, a generation removed. It would have only one true parent. Its "mother" would be, like the proxy mother, only a temporary host.

> "For the first time in all time a living creature understands its origin and can undertake to design its future."

The possibilities of human cloning are enough to startle even a science-fiction writer. Societies would be tempted to clone their best scientists, soldiers, and statesmen. An Einstein might become immortal through his carbon copies. Or a Hitler. What better way for a dictator to extend his power beyond the grave? A carbon copy might be the ultimate expression of human egoism.

Clones have already been produced from carrots and frogs. Dr. J. B. Gurdon of Oxford University produced a clone from an African clawed frog by taking an unfertilized egg cell from a

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frog and destroying its nucleus by radiation. He then replaced it with the nucleus of a cell from the intestines of a tadpole. The egg began to divide as if it had been normally fertilized. The result: a twin of the donor tadpole.

Some scientists estimate that human cloning will be possible by the end of the 1970s. If human cloning were ever practiced on a wide scale, it would drastically affect the course of human evolution. Nobel Prize-winning geneticist Dr. Joshua Lederberg has said he can imagine a time in the future when "clonishness" might replace the present dominant patterns of nationalism and racism.

Cloning is not the only avenue man might take to redesign himself. Advances in molecular biology could lead to genetic surgery: the addition of genes to or removal of them from human cells. In experiments with mouse cells, scientists added healthy new genes to a defective cell. The new genes not only corrected an enzyme deficiency in the cell but were duplicated when healthy new cells began to divide. It is now possible, in principle, to remove defective cells from a human patient, to introduce new genes, and to place the "cured" cells back into the patient.

Genetic surgery might also be put to more ambitious uses. J. B. Haldane, the late, renowned British geneticist, was one of the first to speculate and predict that men would tailor-make new kinds of people for space travel. He suggested the legless man referred to earlier, who would be ideally suited to living in the cramped quarters of a space capsule for long journeys; men with prehensile feet and tails for life on asteroids where low gravity makes balance difficult; and muscular dwarfs to function in the strong gravitational pull of Jupiter.

Genetic engineering might also bring to life one of the mixtures of man and animal known in all the myths of man: the Minotaur, the Centaur, and the Gorgons. So far, however, human and animal chromosomes have been successfully mingled only in tissue-culture experiments.

Modern medicine may be able to produce not only man-animal combinations but a man-machine combination for which a name has already been coined: cyborg. We are familiar with the use of artificial material in the human body: plastic arteries, synthetics to replace damaged bone, or even an artificial heart. Who will draw the dividing line between man and robot?

There are few existing guidelines for the manipulation of "living" material and human beings. Reports from Britain describe experiments in which pregnant women awaiting abortion have been exposed to certain kinds of sound waves to determine if there will be extensive chromosome damage in the fetus. Is it immoral to damage a fetus for experimental purposes, even though it will be aborted? Does an embryo "grown" in a laboratory have any legal rights?

Even the practice of genetic counseling—guidance based upon an individual's chromosomal make-up—which

> "We must not ignore the possibility that genetic means of controlling human heredity will become massive means of human degradation."

is becoming increasingly common, raises ethical questions. Would an individual who is marked as a carrier of deleterious genes carry a social stigma as well? Dr. Marc Lappé of the Institute of Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences, a group set up to examine the moral questions posed by science, thinks he would.

"It could lead to a subtle shift in the way we identify people as human," he says. "We could say, 'Oh, he has an extra chromosome.' We could then identify him as being qualitatively different. He is somewhat imperfect, perhaps not as human as the rest of us."

Suppose, for example, a genetic counselor knows that a newborn baby has an extra Y chromosome. There is evidence that the extra Y chromosome predisposes an individual to aggressive behavior. Should that become part of his medical record? What impact might that knowledge have on a school principal if a child with an extra Y becomes involved in typical childish pranks? Should the parents know, or would the knowledge have an adverse effect on the way they bring up the child?

The agonizing moral question posed by almost all aspects of genetic engineering has divided the scientific community. Hearing the arguments among scientists, one is reminded of the story about two men in a jail cell. One looked out and saw the mud; the other saw the stars.

Dr. Robert Sinsheimer of the California Institute of Technology sees the promise: "For the first time in all time a living creature understands its origin and can undertake to design its future. Even in the ancient myths man was constrained by his essence. He could not rise above his nature to chart his destiny."

Dr. Sinsheimer goes on to say that those who oppose genetic engineering "aren't among the losers in the chromosomal lottery that so firmly channels our human destiny." Repugnance to advances in genetic technology "isn't the response of four million Americans born with diabetes, or the two hundred fifty thousand children born in the United States every year with genetic diseases, or the fifty million Americans whose I.Q.s are below ninety."

Dr. Salvador Luria of MIT, a Nobel laureate, takes the opposite viewpoint. "We must not ignore the possibility that genetic means of controlling human heredity will become a massive means of human degradation. Huxley's nightmarish society might be achieved by genetic surgery rather than by conditioning and in a more terrifying way, since the process would be hereditary and irreversible."

The work of Steptoe and Edwards in Cambridge has been extremely controversial among scientists. Is implantation of a fertilized ovum back into the uterus a desirable medical advance or the opening of a Pandora's box? Dr. Joseph Fletcher of the University of Virginia Medical School argued the former in a recent article that he published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*.

"It seems to me," he wrote, "that laboratory reproduction is radically human compared to conception by ordinary heterosexual intercourse. It is willed, chosen, purposed, and controlled, and surely these are among the traits that distinguish Homo sapiens from others in the animal [world], from the primates down. Coital reproduction is therefore less human than laboratory reproduction; more fun, to be sure, but with our separation of baby-making from love-making, both become more human, because they are matters of choice, not chance. I cannot see how humanity or morality [is] served by genetic roulette."

At the opposite pole, Dr. Leon Kass, the executive director of a committee on the life sciences and social policy for the National Academy of Sciences, argues that the further reproduction is pushed into the laboratory the more it becomes sheer manufacture.

"One can purchase quality control of the product only by the depersonalization of the process," he says, going on to ask, "Is there not some wisdom in the mystery of nature that joins the pleasure of sex, the communication of love, and the desire for children in the very activity by which we continue the chain of human existence? Is not human procreation, if properly understood and practiced, itself a humanizing experience?"

Dr. Kass points to the lonely depersonalized experiences old age and

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dying have become as a result of medical technology. The aged are kept alive but barely able to function, and they die in institutions surrounded by clacking machinery and uncaring strangers. He also believes that laboratory reproduction will deal a near fatal blow to the human family.

"The family is rapidly becoming the only institution in an increasingly impersonal world where each person is loved not for what he does, or makes, but simply because he is. Destruction of the family unit would throw us, even more than we are now, on the mercy of an impersonal, lonely present."

There are some members of the scientific community who take what might be called an "amber light" approach to genetic technology: Proceed with extreme caution.

Isaac Asimov, the biochemist who is also well known as a science-fiction writer, says we should be very sure what we're about before we start tinkering with genes. "We should intervene if we have reasonable suspicion that we can do so wisely. If our choice is doing nothing or doing something without knowing, we should do nothing. But wise change is better than no change at all. It's the same as changing the environment. Every time we build a dam there is a gain and there is a loss. What has usually happened is that we have considered the short-term gain without thinking what the long-term effect will be."

Dr. George Wald, a Nobel laureate at Harvard who has spoken out on a wide range of social issues, emphasizes the fact that every organism alive today represents an unbroken chain of life that stretches back some three billion years. That knowledge, he says, calls for some restraint. The danger he senses in genetic technology is a movement toward reducing man's unpredictability. "With animals we have abandoned natural selection for the technological process of artificial selection. We breed animals for what we want them to be: the pigs to be fat, the cows to give lots of milk, work horses to be heavy and strong, and all of them to be stupid. This is the process by which we have made all of our domestic animals. Applied to men, it could yield domesticated men."

Wald sees the trends of modern life working to erode one of the glories of being human: free will. "Free will is often inefficient, often inconvenient, and always undependable. That is the character of freedom. We value it in men. We disparage it in machines and domestic animals. Our technology has given us dependable machines and livestock. We shall now have to choose whether to turn it to giving us more reliable, efficient, and convenient men, at the cost of our freedom. We had better decide now, for we are already not as free as we once were, and we can lose piecemeal from within what we would be quick to defend in a frank attack from without."

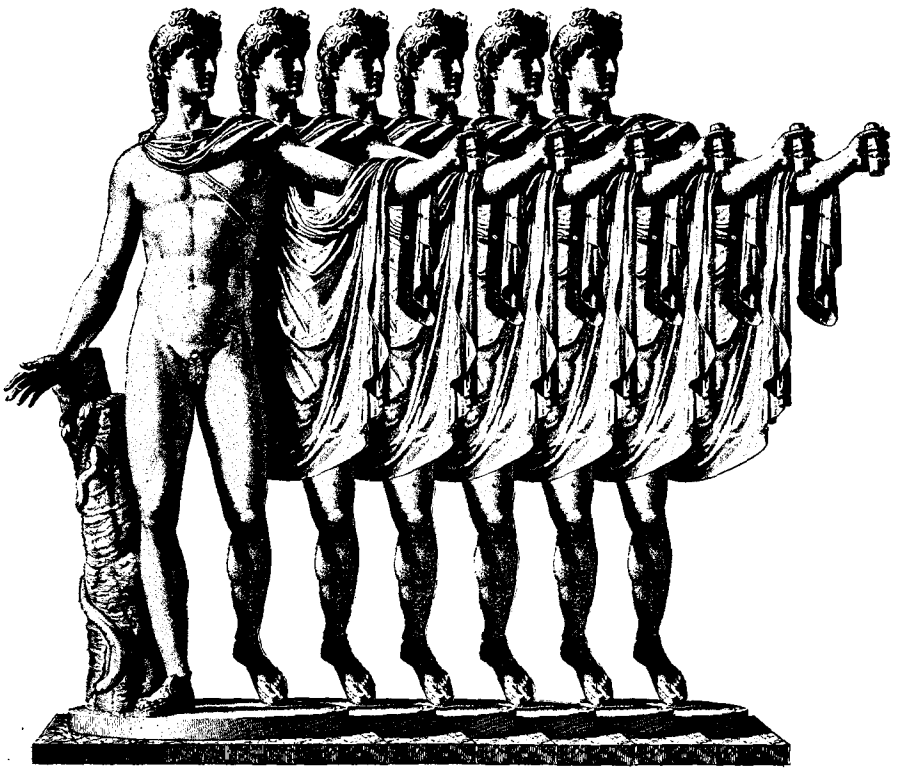
Dr. Harold P. Green, a law professor at George Washington University, argues for the creation of an agency within the government whose sole task would be to make the case against technological advances. With any technology, he says, the benefits are immediate and obvious, and there are powerful vested interests to articulate them. The risks are more remote, and there are few people to argue these points. A prestigious new agency so mandated might right the present imbalance.

Senator Walter Mondale has proposed a fifteen-man presidential advisory committee that would spend two years looking into the moral problems posed by the life sciences. The commission would devise a structure to give society controls over such things as genetic technology. The proposal was approved by the Senate and, at last report, is languishing in a House committee.

Scientists themselves have shown growing awareness of the moral implications of their work. "Scientists have always had a supreme obligation to be concerned about the uses of their work," Isaac Asimov says. "In the past an ivory-tower scientist was just stupid. Today he's stupid and criminal."

But is it enough that scientists develop sensitivity to the moral complexities of the new technology? Can they alone grapple with choices so fundamental they could affect the future of human heredity? James Watson has called the idea that science must always move bravely forward "a form of laissez-faire nonsense dismally reminiscent of the creed that American business, if left to itself, would solve everybody's problems."

Seeing a child lying crippled by a genetic disease, one can't help thinking that, if such a scourge could be lifted from the children of the future, it would be worth the risk of any Brave New Worlds. It is probably unwise and perhaps impossible to barricade any street of scientific inquiry and say: No Admittance. But neither can we blind ourselves to the consequence of traveling that street until it is too late. Dr. Kass has summarized the question posed by genetic engineering: "Human heredity is intricate and mysterious. We must face the prospect of intervention with awe, humility, and caution. We may not know what the devil we are doing." □



"We shall have to choose whether to turn our technology to giving us more reliable, efficient, and convenient men, at the cost of our freedom."

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Editorial

The "Teacher-in-Chief" Flunks an Important Test

Let's be candid about busing. It is tedious and disruptive, a trial for parents and children alike. It is bad enough when it is unavoidable, as is the case for most of the twenty million American children who are bused to and from school every day. When busing is artificially imposed to end segregation, it is very difficult for parents not to feel resentful. "Busing," as Richard Nixon so succinctly put it last month, "is a bad means to a good end."

But what other means do we have? The only way to break existing patterns of segregation may be via a three-pronged approach involving jobs and housing as well as schools. Two of the prongs, however, are badly blunted—one million nonwhites are unemployed (in a working force of 9.5 million), and nobody has succeeded in ending the checkerboard design of our neighborhoods, some sections all-white, others all-black.

Thus, an unduly heavy burden has been placed on the schools and on busing. A year ago the Supreme Court ruled in the *Swann* case that busing was a legitimate tool to end dual school systems. Since then, the intense resistance to such programs, in the North as well as in the South, has made it clear that the yellow school bus would become as controversial a symbol in the 1972 presidential campaign as the famous deep freeze was in 1952.

Barely two days after George Wallace cleaned up in the Florida primary on an openly anti-busing platform, the President unveiled his own program. He called for a moratorium on busing and, in a direct challenge to the judiciary, urged Congress to forbid any new court-ordered schemes until July 1, 1973. To show that his administration's disapproval of busing "does not reduce our commitment to desegregation," Nixon proposed spending $2.5-billion to upgrade ghetto schools. Most of that pie-sweetener, however, had already been requested under other programs. The money, moreover, is likely to be spent on things that have not worked, such as compensatory courses.

". . . And I say to you, if the Good Lord had intended us to be bused, He wouldn't have given us legs!"

Not surprisingly, Nixon's stand delighted opponents of busing. "I knew the message from Florida would get to Washington pretty quick," said Wallace, though he might have been taking more credit than was his due. Hubert Humphrey's reaction was less predictable. A champion of civil rights legislation for a quarter of a century, he was now saying: "Thank goodness that at long last the President has been able to get his finger up in the air and sense what's going on." Only after that incredible comment provoked an uproar did Humphrey reverse himself and accuse the President of "launching a frontal attack on the great progress this nation has made in equal education since 1954."

The overall effect of Nixon's position may indeed be a negation of the hard-won gains that followed the Supreme Court's *Brown vs. Board of Education* decision. White House aides have intimated that the Justice Department might intervene to halt busing programs in cities such as Denver, Flint, Michigan, and Indianapolis. The impact on the South might be drastic. Notes *Saturday Review* Senior Editor James Cass, an authority on education for twenty years: "Hope has been held out to the South, not only that things won't get worse, but that desegregation will actually be rolled back."

Most disturbing of all, perhaps, is what the President's position reveals—or betrays—about his attitude toward the office he holds. After Nixon's busing message, Senator George McGovern spoke of "the moral collapse of presidential leadership." Strong words, but they ring true—even after one takes into account that McGovern is a Democrat, an aspirant to Nixon's job, and a man in the heat of a campaign.

Thomas A. Bailey, the Stanford historian, once wrote: "The Commander-in-Chief is also the Teacher-in-Chief. If he is to get the wheels to move and 'make things happen,' in Woodrow Wilson's phrase, he must educate the people." On the subject of busing—with all that it implies for the overriding issue of racial harmony—Richard Nixon is educating us mostly in fear and divisiveness.

Ronald P. Kriss

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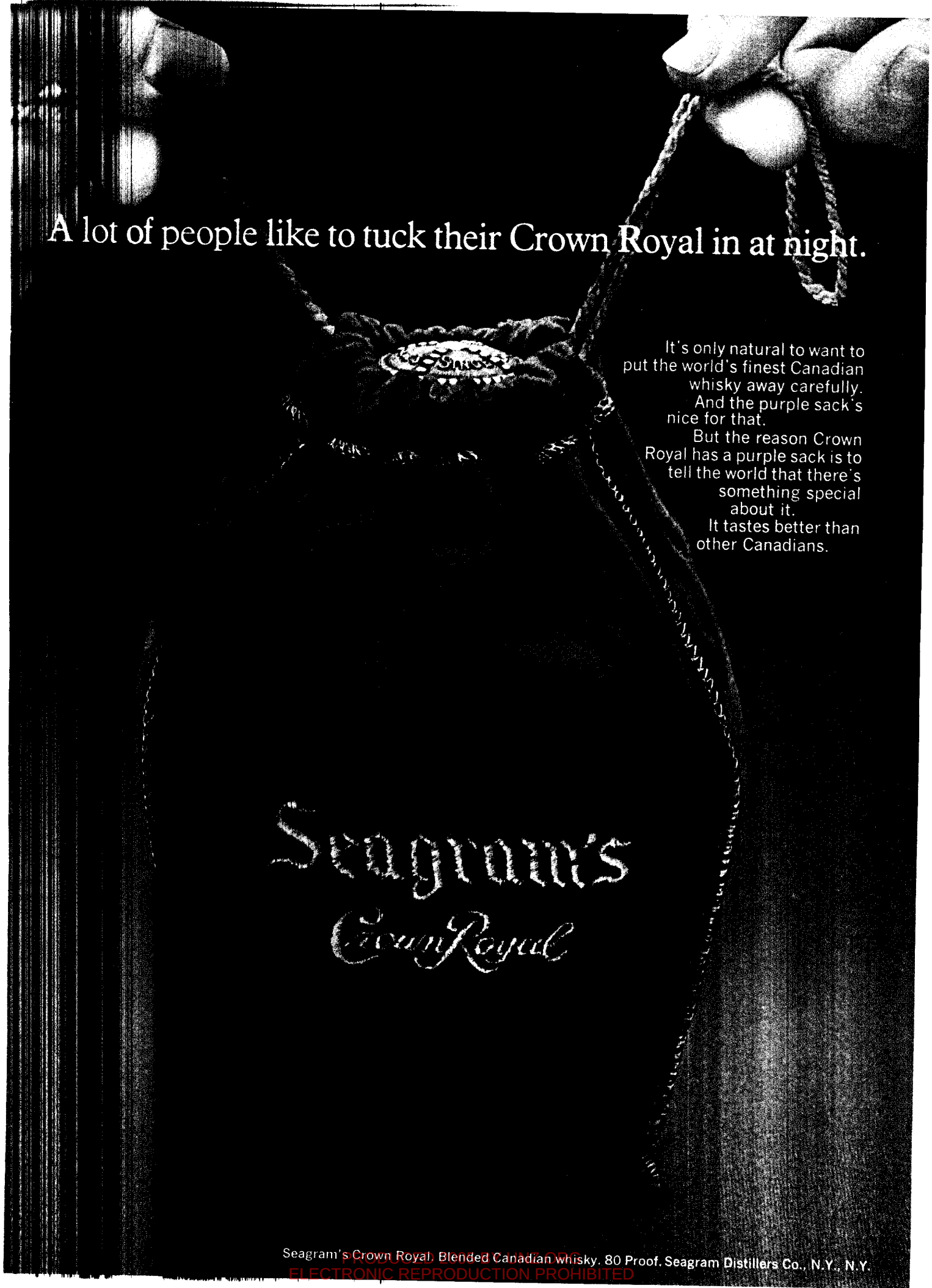
A lot of people like to tuck their Crown Royal in at night.
It's only natural to want to put the world's finest Canadian whisky away carefully. And the purple sack's nice for that.
But the reason Crown Royal has a purple sack is to tell the world that there's something special about it.
It tastes better than other Canadians.
Seagram's
Crown Royal
Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y., N.Y.

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If it costs 46% more to repair a car today than in 1961, what about a telephone truck?

With 100 million phones to care for, our fleet now numbers 110,000 trucks.

And with auto repair costs rising 46% since 1961, you can imagine what that's done to our budget.

We've been doing some of our own repair work, but our costs went up just as much—from $230 to $340 per truck.

Our total running expenses from $612 to $823 a truck.

And to get the money to buy new trucks, we're having to borrow at interest rates that have almost doubled since 1961.

Despite rising costs like these, residential telephone rates have gone up only 8% overall since 1961. And long distance rates have actually gone down. While the cost of living has gone up 37%.

1961

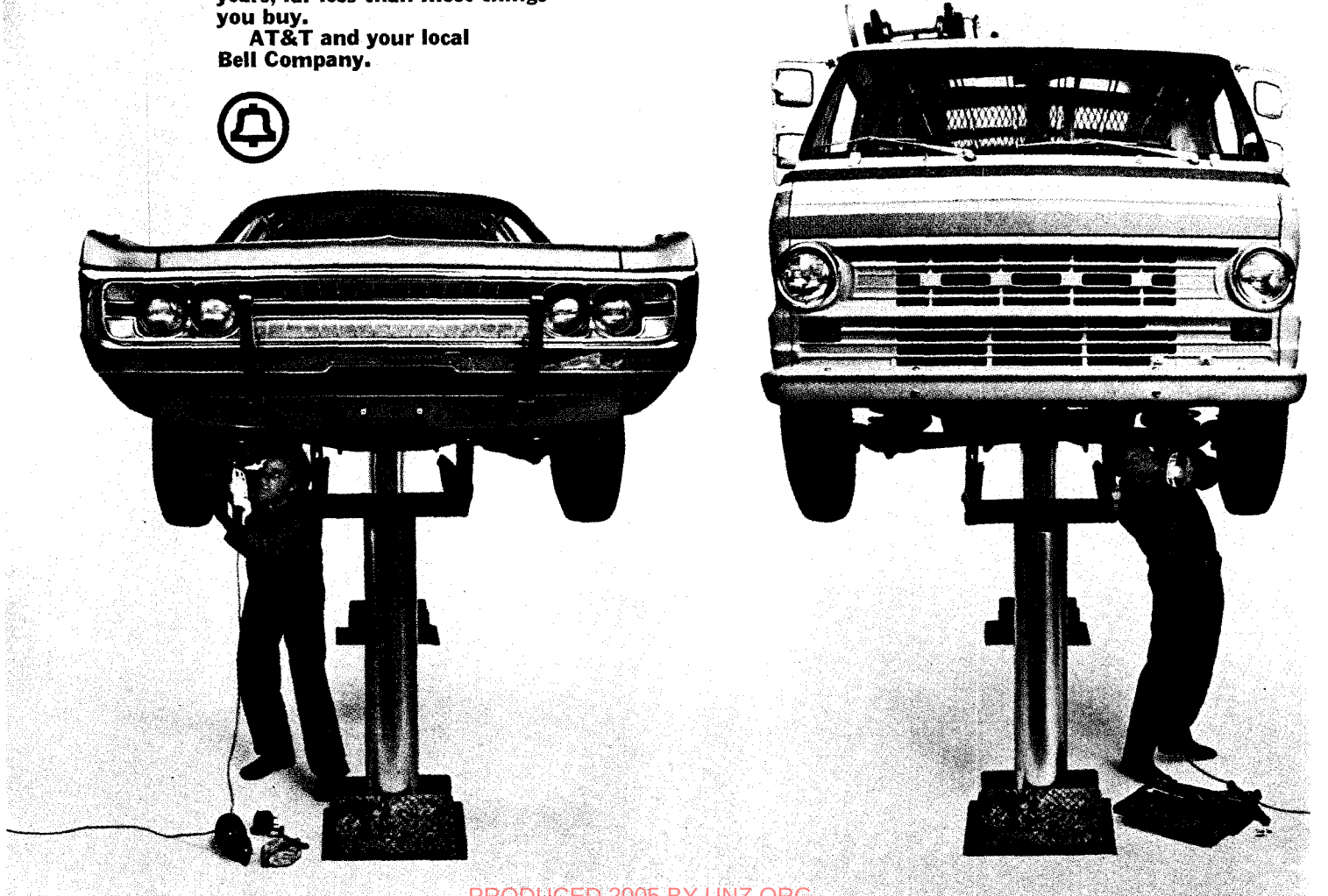
1971 Consumer Price Index Up 37%

1971 Phone Rates Up 8% (C.P.I.)

Obviously, this can't go on.

Because the cost of providing you good telephone service is going up, telephone rates are going up, too—but based on the last ten years, far less than most things you buy.

AT&T and your local Bell Company.



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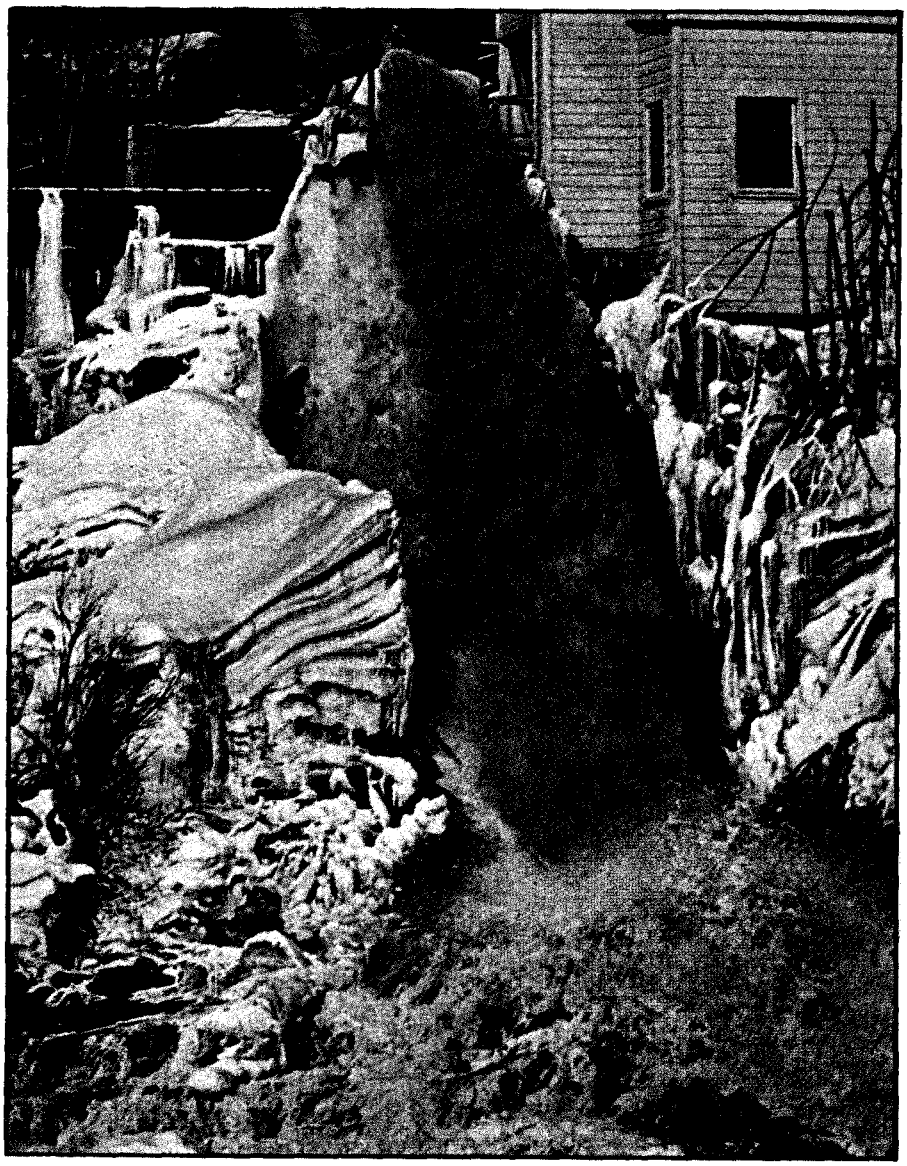
Saturday Review of

THE SOCIETY



Millions of gallons of waste pour daily into Henry Hudson's "Great River of the Mountains." But isolated spots along the Hudson River's course can yet evoke the serenity, pleasure, and wonder that made the river Washington Irving's "first love." Happily, for the Hudson's own sake and as a bright precedent for the rest of the country, aggressive legal action and growing activism by citizens groups seem to be bringing signs of the waterway's general restoration. The Hudson's sorry drift toward putrefaction appears at long last to be turning.

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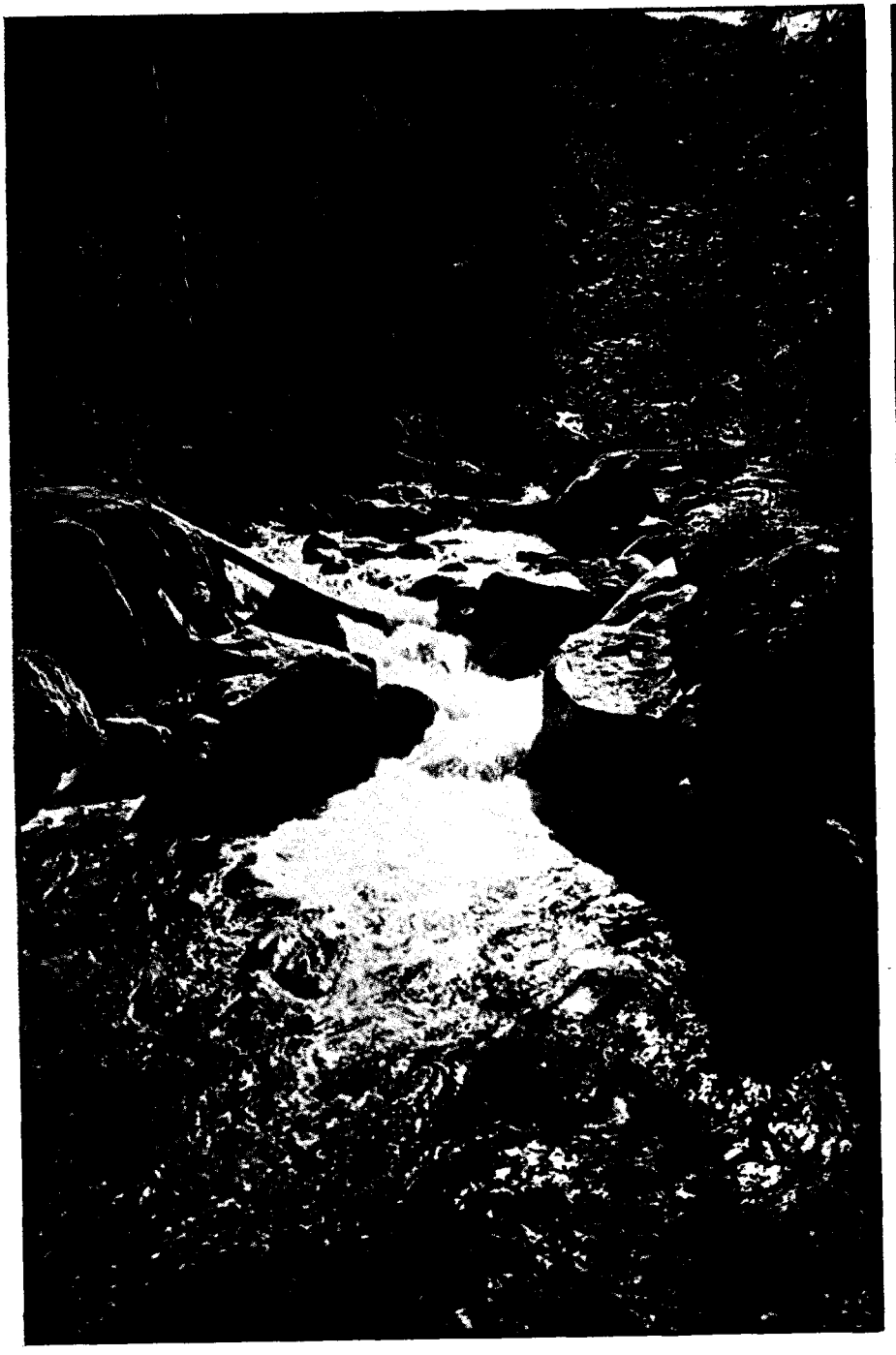
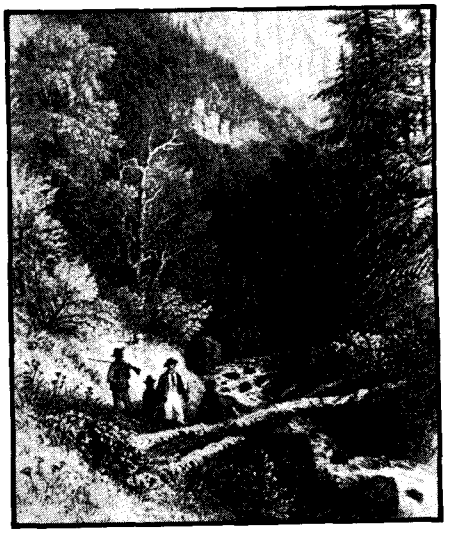


The clear water...spills to shallow Feldspar Brook. Through its ripples shine the stones of its bed. Green, gold, blue, they glitter.... Down the crystalline slope the water plunges to join with other brooks...and to become the Hudson.

Carl Carmer, chronicler of the river, in The Hudson, *1939*



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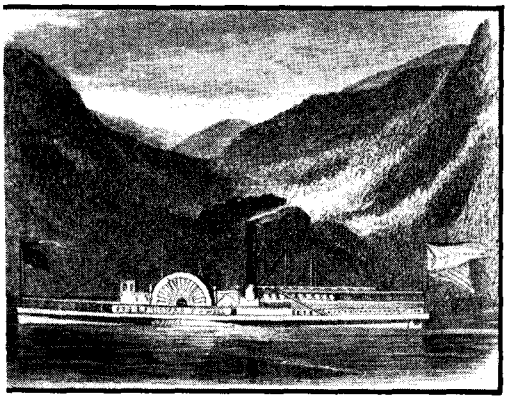

The Danube has, in parts, glimpses of such grandeur. The Elbe has sometimes such delicately penciled effects. But no European river is so lordly in its bearing, none flows in such state to the sea.

George William Curtis, an editor of Harper's Weekly, *c. 1850*

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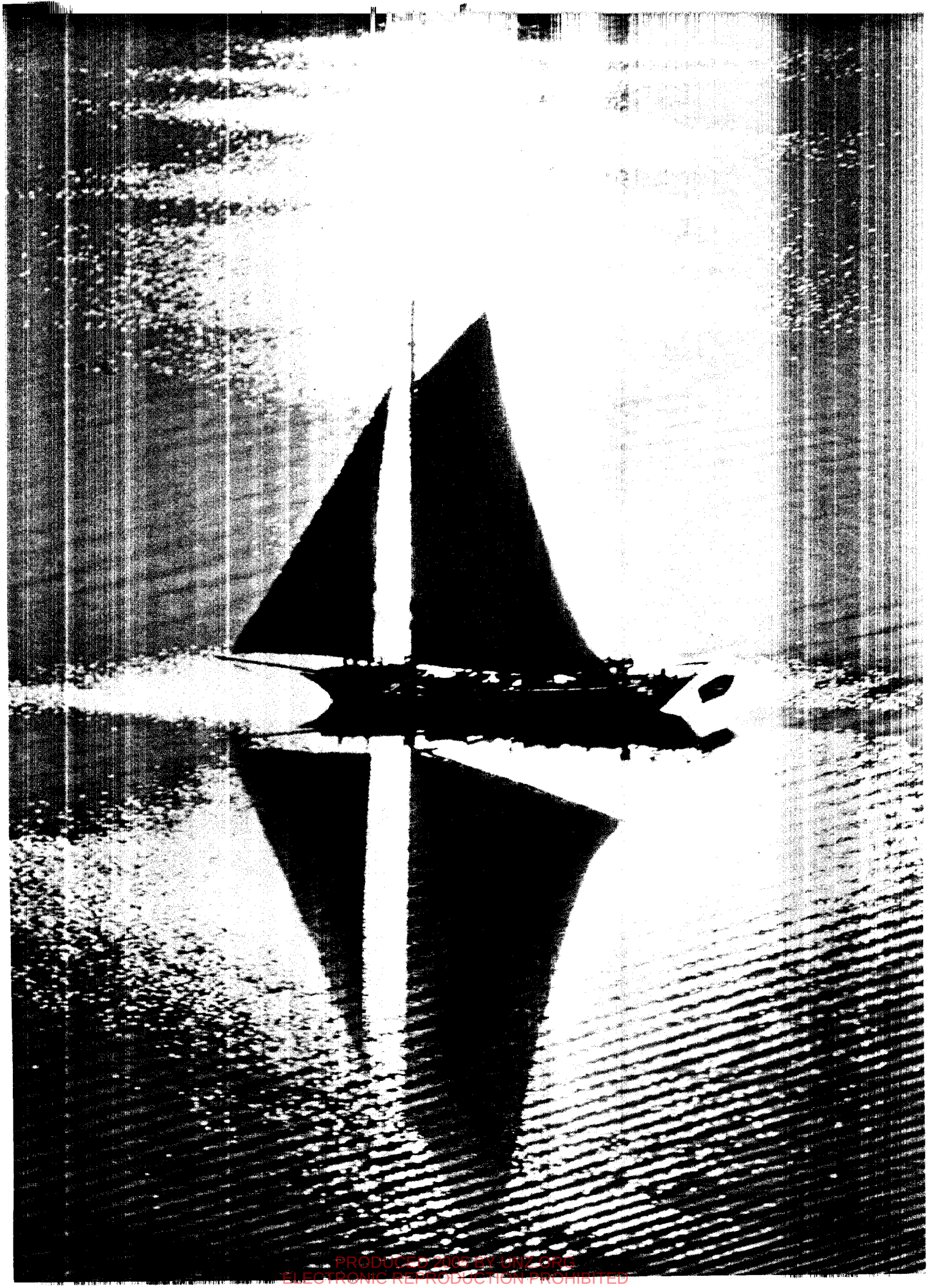

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THE RESTORATION OF A RIVER

Other problems still plague it, but the Hudson, at last, is getting cleaned up.

BY JOHN G. MITCHELL

On the west-facing slopes of Mount Marcy, the snow lies crisp and deep, tons of it, acres of it, anchored above the precipitous ice garden of Feldspar Brook, and locked in each crystal is the stuff that a river is made of. Soon the Adirondack snows will begin to melt—crystals into drops of water, drops into rivulets, down Feldspar Brook to the Opalescent and out across the Flowed Land to the Hudson itself. Rushing south clear and cold, the river trips over a limestone ledge at Glens Falls. It is not quite the same thereafter, for downstream, after swirling into turgid confluence with the Mohawk, the Hudson is made of sterner stuff than water, such stuff as cadmium and coliform bacteria and polychlorinated biphenyls, the concentrations of which in recent years have prompted some observers to speculate that a man overboard will rot to death before he can drown. So they say. And yet in this seventh year of the People's Crusade to Save the Hudson, after all the false starts, the empty promises, and the political persiflage, there are signs that drowning may again become practicable south of the Mohawk. In fact, even the most cynical environmentalists would have to concede that, for all its prevailing ills, the river at last is getting cleaned up.

This is no mean achievement. Like most of the nation's major waterways, the Hudson has been growing dirtier and dirtier ever since towns and factories first appeared along its banks. A return to cleanliness became a beckoning hope in 1965 when a $1-billion New York State bond issue was passed for a statewide "Pure Waters Program." Economic, political, and organizational barriers to purifying the Hudson's waters have since proved to be immense, and many remain. Yet dozens of new water-treatment plants are now in the works or operating along the Hudson. Citizen groups have become increasingly active in sniffing out polluters. So has the law, primarily in the person of the polluter-chasing U.S. Attorney for the southern district of New York, Whitney North Seymour, Jr. The net effect has been some distinctly promising movement in the direction of cleaning up one of the nation's most celebrated, most heavily used, and dirtiest of waterways.

"You really can't see the difference with the eye," says Seymour, whose jurisdiction covers most of the Hudson's filthiest stretch, south of Albany. "But at least we know what is—and isn't—going into it." One thing that isn't going into the Hudson as freely and as profusely as it has in the past is industrial waste, thanks in part to Seymour himself and to a dusted-off, seventy-three-year-old federal statute that is proving to be a powerful weapon in bringing industrial polluters to bay. This is the Refuse Act of 1899, which Seymour's office has successfully used to prosecute nearly twenty industrial violators over the past two years, to bring others voluntarily into line, and to encourage private citizens to become pollution policemen.

The act prohibits the unlicensed dumping of wastes in a navigable waterway, provides for violators to be fined, and stipulates that part of the fine be turned over to the person or persons who supplied the evidence leading to conviction. So far, the bounty system has rewarded a Manhattan housewife with $12,500 for reporting violations by a cement-mix company and the Hudson River Fishermen's Association with $3,000 for blowing the whistle on fuel discharges by the Penn Central Railroad and on pollution emanating from a pharmaceutical plant. In addition, the fishermen may reap a reward of $25,000 for developing evidence that the Anaconda Company was polluting the Hudson. Anaconda was convicted and fined $200,000 late last year and has now installed treatment facilities to bring its effluents up to standards acceptable to the government.

"We're receiving good complaints," says Seymour about the siege of citizen activism on behalf of the Hudson. "People have begun to get the message, they're more alert, and they know they have agencies they can turn to." Last summer a group of high school students from Shrub Oak, New York, turned to the U.S. Attorney's office when they discovered that a tidal marsh on the Hudson had been partially filled with debris. The students had been using the marsh as an outdoor ecological laboratory. But the New York National Guard at Camp Smith, which adjoins the marsh near Peekskill, had apparently decided that the wetland would serve a higher purpose if it were turned into a parking lot, and toward that end the guardsmen had deposited the necessary landfill of masonry and rubble. Invoking

We sailed along at a stiff rate...merely to sail—to bend over and look at the ripples as the prow divided the water—to lie on my back and gaze by the half-hour at the passing clouds overhead—merely to breathe and live in the sweet air and clear sunlight...was happiness enough for one day.

Walt Whitman, on sailing the Hudson

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN BUDNIK

John G. Mitchell, editor of Sierra Club Books, lives at the mouth of the Hudson on Staten Island.

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Observers speculate that a man overboard will rot to death before he can drown. Yet after all the false starts and empty promises, drowning may again become practicable south of the Mohawk.

the Refuse Act, Seymour compelled the guard to seek a dumping permit from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. Those agencies, in turn, declined the request for a permit, and the guard was ordered to remove the debris and restore the marsh to its natural condition.

Having demonstrated the almost unfailing applicability of the Refuse Act to cases involving landfill or the direct discharge of industrial waste, Attorney Seymour and his staff recently set out to take a closer look at industrial installations along the Hudson south of Albany. More than 1,300 firms were surveyed on such matters as production materials, intake of water, and treatment of discharges.

From the survey, U.S. prosecutors compiled a list of those industries discharging wastes directly into the Hudson or its tributaries. Minor offenders requiring some kind of administrative action were referred to the state Department of Environmental Conservation. The more serious ones were referred to the Corps of Engineers for investigation. Thus Seymour believes that, with the possible exception of an occasional new source of pollution or a few willfully surreptitious violators, all direct and untreated industrial discharges in New York south of Albany, are now under some form of abatement proceedings, either an existing state order with a deadline for compliance or a federal sanction instituted by his office.

Cleaning up the river's direct industrial discharges is just a start, however. "Indirect" discharge of industrial waste—from factories into municipal sewer systems and then into the Hudson—continues barely abated. "There's the new frontier," says Seymour. "We're still in the midst of analyzing what happens to those effluents. Our jurisdiction is cloudy, because the Refuse Act exempts sewage passing from streets or sewers in a liquid state. So we're talking to local officials, encouraging them to enforce their own regulations." Fortunately, some areas have required little suasion. Across the Hudson from Seymour's district, where industry is a prolific polluter, the New Jersey state Senate recently passed a bill requiring manufacturers to pretreat their waste before discharging it into a local sewer system. What prompted this measure was not so much the fact that most of North Jersey's sewage, treated or otherwise, finds its way eventually to the interstate water of the Hudson and New York Bay as that there is the specter of toxic metals and acids savaging the delicate systems of modern sewage plants, on which the taxpayers of New Jersey belatedly are laying some fairly precious investments.

Cleaning up municipal pollution itself remains another frontier. Throughout the Hudson Valley, the exorbitant costs of secondary sewage treatment facilities, and the decreasing availability of federal funds to help finance them, continue to frustrate those who would strive to achieve the most difficult goal of all: the elimination of human waste from the river. New York City, for example, expects to spend nearly $2-billion over the next six years completing two new treatment plants and upgrading and expanding twelve others. But the city, like many another community, had also expected the federal government to live up to the promise in water-quality legislation that authorizes the federal government to pay up to 55 per cent of construction costs. So far the United States has contributed only 1.5 per cent of the $770-million cost of a huge plant designed to sanitize a raw outpouring of sewage that the city now disgorges directly into the Hudson. And New York State has been stuck with a large part of the bill. "The federal government has been putting up about ten per cent of costs statewide," says Henry Diamond, commissioner of the state's Department of Environmental Conservation. "We've had the choice of either waiting until the federal money becomes available or prefinancing the federal share ourselves. We've chosen to prefinance. The federal government now owes us one and three-tenths billion dollars."

But there is a limit to how much plant construction New York State can prefinance. It has channeled funds into fifty-one new treatment plants on the Hudson since the voters approved the $1-billion "Pure Waters" bond issue in 1965 (twenty-seven of the plants are already operating), and now the level of the clean-up kitty is falling low. Earlier this year, Diamond's department was forced to abandon its plans to help finance eight projects along the Hudson River. One of these would have sealed forever the forty-seven outfalls in Rensselaer County that now pour raw wastes, both human and industrial, into the river and enhance that region's reputation as having the second-foulest stretch of water along the Hudson's entire 315-mile length.

The ultimate in pollution occurs along the sludge-stained shores and under the rotting piers of the terminal city at the Hudson's mouth. Each day New Yorkers produce some 1.3 billion gallons of raw sewage, of which 450 million gallons is discharged untreated. Completion of the city's $2-billion secondary treatment program will eliminate this frightful flow of waste entirely—but not for at least another six years. And across the moribund river, New Jersey likewise looks forward to the day when all of its municipal sewage plants, now mostly of a primitive primary type, will have been upgraded to add oxygen to the effluent, and reduce bacteria as well as more solids. That will be sometime after 1976. In the meantime, the Passaic Valley Sewerage District will continue to pump 300 million gallons of primary effluent to an underwater outfall at Robbin's Reef in New York Harbor, hard by the very spot where the adventurous Verrazano and Henry Hudson first spied the broad river trenching down from the northern mountains.

Yet for all the work that remains before the Hudson becomes, say, swimmable along its whole length, the river of late has offered some encouraging signs of resurgent cleanliness. Some say that Hudson inhabitants of old, such as striped bass and sturgeon, are more plentiful these days. And a recent, carefully conducted test showed some actual, measurable improvement in water quality. Last summer representatives of the New York-New Jersey Interstate Sanitation Commission took water samples from a long stretch of the river north of the New York City line. Purposely they had waited for a hot spell, when the dissolved oxygen content of the water—because of reduced runoff and increased evaporation—normally would be at its lowest, and least capable of sustaining aquatic life. "To our surprise," recalls Commission Director Thomas Glenn, "dissolved oxygen in the river was as high as four to six parts per million—well above our standard of what's acceptable. We also found that the fecal coliform density was lower than it had been in the past."

A truly cleaner Hudson will never be ensured simply by swapping fecal coliform for dissolved oxygen, by bounty-hunting the surreptitious spoilers, and by building bigger and better treatment plants. The Hudson is a complex river with a complex of problems, many of which are not directly associated with conventional water pollution. And today the solutions to *these* problems are as far from men's grasps

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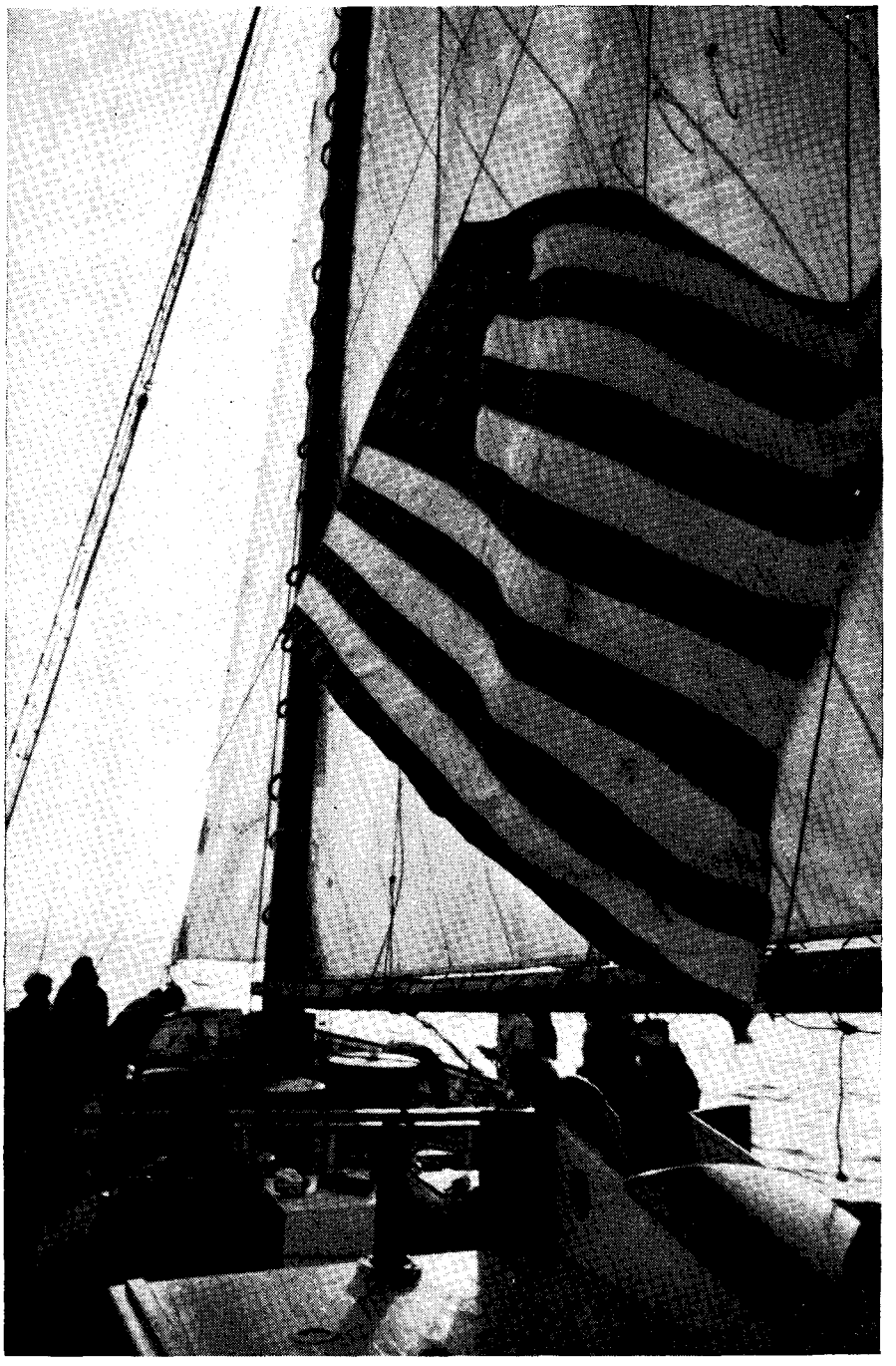
as pollution abatement appeared to be a decade ago.

The most complicated problem, perhaps, is the increasing potential for overloading the river with waste heat from power plants. "Nuclear plants are proliferating in the Hudson Valley," says Alfred Forsyth, an environmental attorney and vice president of the Sierra Club. "And no one knows what, in the aggregate, their thermal discharges might do to the life of the river." Consolidated Edison Company's nuclear plants at Indian Point on the river south of Peekskill have already been credited with a number of prodigious fish kills. On several occasions white perch and other species have been crushed against the wire mesh screens of the power plants' cooling water intakes. With a flair for the kind of antiseptic language certain people are given to these days, one Con Ed official refers to these incidents as "an impingement of fish."

There is also the continuing problem of shore-line development, best symbolized perhaps by the Federal Power Commission's approval of Con Ed's application to build a pumped storage hydroelectric facility at Storm King Mountain in the beautiful Hudson Highlands. Indeed, if the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference should fail in its efforts to scuttle this decision, some environmentalists fear resource exploiters will then have a green light to assault other scenic landmarks along the river.

And finally, there is the important question of water-resource development in the Hudson River watershed. New Yorkers are accustomed to taking their water—generally free and unmetered—from upstate streams and impoundments that are tributary to the Hudson and Delaware rivers. But now the water planners are looking farther afield, specifically to the Hudson's headwaters in the Adirondacks. Their latest scheme has been exposed by Robert H. Boyle, a senior editor of *Sports Illustrated* and cofounder of the Hudson River Fishermen's Association. In *The Water Hustlers*, published last fall, Boyle reports that the Corps of Engineers is planning to place the entire Hudson watershed "under siege" by constructing a series of drawn-down reservoirs to regulate fresh-water flow downstream. The idea, he writes, is to release the impounded waters when natural runoff is slack, thereby preventing the intrusion of tidal brine into proposed water withdrawal facilities along the lower Hudson. Some of these impoundments, according to Boyle, would flood out scenic wild forges on the upper Hudson and its tributaries and leave the great river "spread out 'like a patient etherized upon a table'—with water going from this lake to that river to this impoundment to that tunnel through this mountain into leaky main and dripping faucet."



The flag is hoisted aboard the sloop "Clearwater," polluter-hunting battleship and floating environmental classroom manned by activists bent on cleaning up the Hudson. "If we can do that," says their leader, "then we can point the way for the rest of the country."

Etherized or not, the Hudson may yet survive all the surgery that has been, and is yet to be, performed on it in the name of economic progress. One of the most hopeful signs is the proliferation of citizen groups determined to defend the river environment, such groups as the Fishermen's Association and the Hudson River Sloop Restoration, first organized by singer Pete Seeger and now headed by John M. Burns, a former assistant to Whitney North Seymour. (Seymour demanded Burns's resignation in 1971 because of the young attorney's brash—some say *justifiably* brash—handling of a Refuse Act proceeding against the General Motors plant at Tarrytown on the Hudson.) Under Burns's direction, the Sloop group is assembling data on potential polluters that may be escaping the attention of his former boss. "I think we can save this river," Burns says. "And if we can do that, then we can point the way for the rest of the country and show other people how they can save their own rivers, too." □

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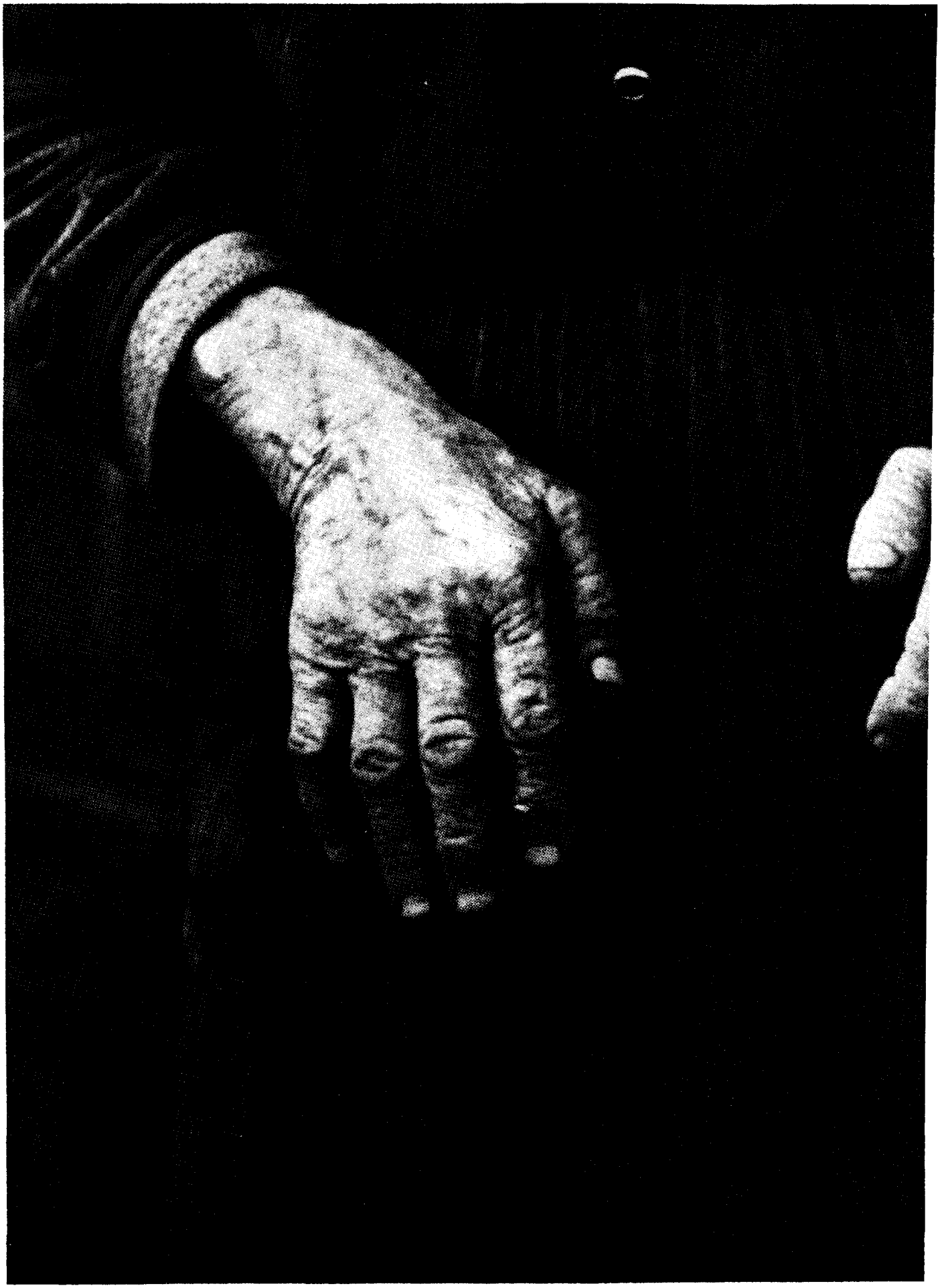

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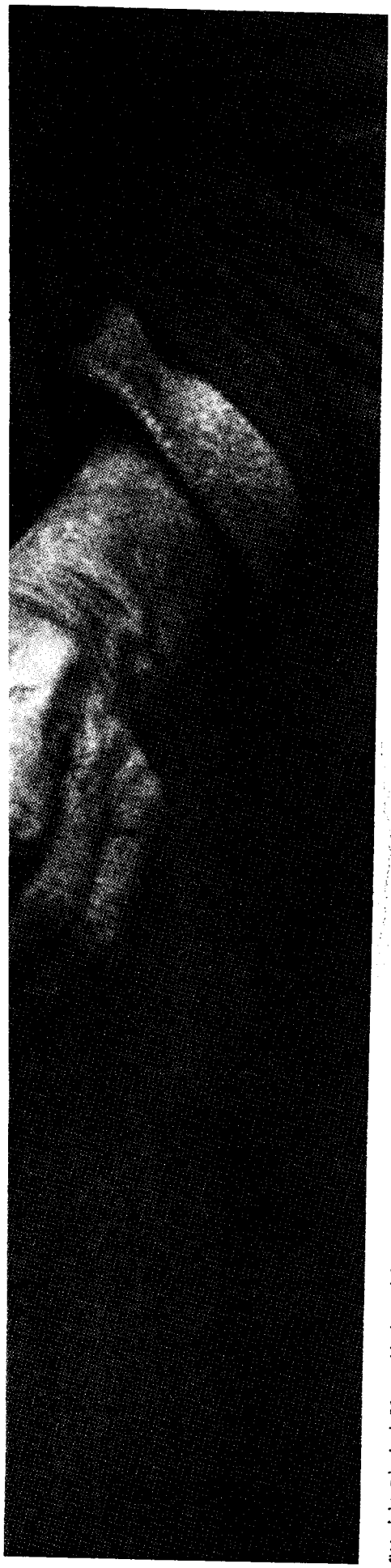

OLD AGE: END PRODUCT OF A FAULTY SYSTEM

BY SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR

To understand the sadnesses of old age, we have only to look at the shortcomings of life itself, for old age is life's end product, the outcome of the values and structures life has been given by society. So says the French critic Simone de Beauvoir in this concluding essay of her soon-to-be-published book *The Coming of Age*. At each stage of her own life de Beauvoir has shown the courage to address herself to life's key experiences—that of her own youth in *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter*, that of being a woman in *The Second Sex*, and now, at age sixty-five, that of aging. In each exploration she has provocatively extended our understanding of the process of being human—what it has been, what it is, and what it ought to be.

Editions Gallimard © 1970. English translation © 1972 by André Deutsch, Weidenfeld and Nicholson and G. P. Putnam's Sons, adapted from the forthcoming book *The Coming of Age* by Simone de Beauvoir, to be published in May by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Old age is not a necessary end to human life. It does not even represent what Sartre has called the "necessity of our contingency," as the body does. A great many creatures—the mayflies, for example—die after having reproduced their kind, without going through any phase of degeneration. However, it is an empirical and universal truth that after a certain number of years the human organism undergoes a decline. The process is inescapable. At the end of a certain time it results in a reduction in the individual's activities. Often it also brings a diminution in his mental faculties and an alteration in his attitude toward the world.

A particular value has sometimes been given to old age for social or political reasons. For some individuals—women in ancient China, for instance—it has been a refuge against the harshness of life in the adult years. Others, from a pessimistic general outlook on life, settle comfortably into it, for if the will to live is regarded as a source of unhappiness, then it is reasonable to prefer a semideath to life. But the vast majority of mankind looks upon the coming of old age with sorrow or rebellion. It fills men with more aversion than does death itself.

And indeed it is old age, rather than death, that is to be contrasted with life. Old age is life's parody, whereas death transforms life into a destiny. In a way, death preserves life by giving it the absolute dimension—"As into himself eternity changes him at last." Death does away with time. Let us take a man who has just been buried. His last days had no greater truth than the rest; his life has become a whole, all of whose parts are equally present insofar as they have all been engulfed by the void. Victor Hugo is at the same time both thirty and eighty; and he is both thirty and eighty forever. But when he *was* eighty, the present he was living through overlaid the past. This dominance of the present is saddening when it is a degradation or even a denial of what has been; and almost always this is so. Former happenings and acquired knowledge retain their place, but in a life whose fire has died. They *have been*. When memory decays, they sink and vanish in a mocking darkness; life unravels stitch by stitch like a frayed piece of knitting, leaving nothing but meaningless strands of wool in the old person's hands. Worse still, his acquired indifference challenges his passions, convictions, and activities. Thus we see Monsieur de Charlus wrecking the aristocratic pride that was his reason for existence by a single greeting or Arina Petrovna making her peace with a hated son. What is the point of having worked so hard if one finds that all is labor lost, as Rousseau puts it, and if one no longer sets the slightest value on what has been accomplished?

Not all old people give up the struggle. Far from it—many are remarkable for their stubborn perseverance. But in these cases they often become caricatures of themselves. Their will goes on, by its own impetus, with no reason or even against all reason. They began by forming their desire, their will, with a given end in view. Now they desire, because they have desired. Broadly speaking, among the old, habit, automatic reactions, and hardened, set ways take the place of invention. There is some truth in the observation of the nineteenth-century critic Emile Faguet that "old age is a perpetual play that a man acts out in order to deceive others and himself, and whose chief drollery lies in the fact that he acts badly."

Morality teaches a serene acceptance of those ills that science and technology are powerless to abolish—pain, disease, old age. It claims that the courageous endurance of that very condition that lessens us is a way of increasing our stature. If he lacks other projects, the elderly man may commit himself to this. But here we are playing with words. Projects have to do only with our activities. Undergoing age is not an activity. Growing, ripening, aging, dying—the passing of time is predestined, inevitable.

There is only one solution if old age is not to be an absurd parody of our former life, and that is to go on pursuing ends that give our existence a meaning—devotion to individuals, groups, or causes, to social, political, intellectual, or creative work. In spite of the moralists' opinion to the contrary, in old age we should still wish to have passions strong enough to prevent our turning in upon ourselves. One's life has value so long as one attributes value to the lives of others by means of love, friendship, indignation, compassion. When this is so, then there are still valid reasons for activity or speech. People are often advised to "prepare" for old age. But if this merely means setting aside money, choosing the place for retirement, and laying on hobbies, we shall not be much the better for it when the day comes. It is far better not to think about it too much but to live a fairly committed, fairly justified life so that one may go on in the same path even when all illusions have vanished and one's zeal for life has died away.

But these possibilities are granted only to a handful of privileged people. It is in the last years of life that the gap between them and the vast majority of mankind becomes deepest and most obvious. When we set these two old ages side by side we can answer the essential questions of aging: What are the inescapable factors in the individual's decline? And to what degree is society responsible for them?

As we have seen, the age at which this decline begins has always depended upon the class to which a man belongs. Today a miner is finished, done for, at the age of fifty, whereas many of the privileged carry their eighty years lightly. The worker's decline begins earlier; its course is also far more rapid. His shattered body is the victim of disease and infirmity, whereas an elderly man who has had the good fortune of being able to look after his health may keep it more or less undamaged until his death.

When they are old, the exploited classes are condemned, if not to utter destitution, then at least to extreme poverty, to uncomfortable, inconvenient dwellings, and to loneliness, all of which results in a feeling of failure and a generalized anxiety. They sink into a torpid bewilderment that has physical repercussions. Even the mental diseases from which they suffer are to a great extent the products of the system. Even with health and clarity of mind, the retired man is nevertheless the vic-

THE HARSH ARITHMETIC OF OLD AGE IN AMERICA

To be old in the United States is to belong to the nation's least visible minority—a textbook minority. The aged are less mobile, less healthy, and poorer than most Americans; they also suffer from high unemployment—often called retirement. Just how many elderly Americans are there, where are they, and how badly off are they in terms of health and wealth?

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tim of that terrible curse, boredom. Deprived of his hold upon the world, he is incapable of finding another, because his time apart from his work, his free time, was alienated, rendered sterile. With age his gloomy idleness leads to an apathy that endangers what physical and intellectual balance he still has.

The injury he has suffered during the course of his life is still more radical. The reason that the retired man is rendered hopeless by the want of meaning in his present life is that the meaning of his existence has been stolen from him from the very beginning. A law, as merciless as Lassalle's "iron law" of wages, allows him no more than the right to reproduce his life. It refuses him the possibility of discovering any justification for it. When he escapes from the fetters of his trade or calling, all he sees around him is an arid waste. He has not been granted the possibility of committing himself to projects that might have peopled the world with goals, values, and reasons for existence.

That is the crime of our society. Its "old-age policy" is scandalous. But more scandalous still is the treatment that it inflicts upon the majority of men during their youth and their maturity. It prefabricates the maimed and wretched state that is theirs when they are old. It is the fault of society that the decline of old age begins too early, that it is rapid, physically painful, and, because men enter in upon it with empty hands, morally atrocious. Some exploited, alienated individuals inevitably become "throw-outs," "rejects," once their strength has failed them.

That is why all the remedies that have been put forward to lessen the distress of the aged are such a mockery; not one of them can possibly repair the systematic destruction that has been inflicted upon some men throughout their lives. Even if they are treated and taken care of, their health cannot be given back. Even if decent houses are built for them, they cannot be provided with the culture, the interests, and the responsibilities that would give their life a meaning. I do not say that it would be entirely pointless to improve their condition here and now, but doing so would provide no solution whatsoever to the real problem of old age. What should a society be so that in his last years a man might still be a man?

The answer is simple: He would always have to have been treated as a man. By the fate it allots to its members who can no longer work, society gives itself away; it has always looked upon them as so much material. Society confesses that as far as it is concerned profit is the only thing that counts and that its "humanism" is mere window dressing. In the nineteenth century the ruling classes explicity equated the proletariat with barbarism. The struggles of the workers succeeded in making the proletariat part of mankind once more, but only insofar as it is productive. Society turns away from the aged worker as though he belonged to another species.

That is why the whole question of

1 A GROWING MINORITY

Currently numbering some twenty million, Americans aged 65 and over make up nearly one-tenth of the U.S. population, and their ranks have been expanding far more rapidly than the nation's population as a whole. Since 1940, the total number of Americans has increased by one-half, but the number of people 65 and over has doubled; those over 75 are three times as numerous as they were thirty years ago. With birth rates declining and expected to continue doing so, the aged will likely constitute an ever larger proportion of the population for decades to come.

2 GEOGRAPHY

In recent decades there have been sizable migrations of the aged to sunbelt Southern and Western states. Florida's over-65 population is now approaching one million and accounts for 15 per cent of the state's residents. California can count 1.8 million elderly, a large proportion of them recent arrivals. But while some of the more adventuresome and affluent aged have struck out for milder regions, the old as a whole have proven to be the least mobile major grouping in an intensely mobile society. Many areas in the country are being deserted by the young, but the aged are being left behind. New York City's white population, for instance, is growing progressively older. A full 17 per cent of this population is now over 65. In many neighborhoods the proportion of elderly tops 20 per cent. In the slow-growing or declining Central states the percentages are lower but still above the national level —about 12 per cent of the population in Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, Missouri, and Kansas.

3 HEALTH

Ill-health almost invariably accompanies old age. Although they make up only one-tenth of the population, the elderly accounted for nearly one-quarter of the $50-billion spent in 1970 on health care in the United States and for one-quarter of hospital usage. When older people enter hospitals, it has been computed, they are likely to stay for a longer time—an average of fifteen days per visit compared to only six days for the strongest and healthiest adults, persons aged 25 to 34.

4 MONEY

Income statistics for the aged from the 1970 census have not yet been collated and released, but those of the previous census showed the aged to be one of the most sizable segments of the nation's poor. The aged accounted, in fact, for fully one-third of the country's poorest families and for nearly one-half of the poorest one-person households. More than half of the 6.1 million families headed by a person 65 or older had incomes of less than $3,000. Of the 3.6 million aged living alone, nearly half had incomes of less than $1,000. The federal government once estimated that a retired couple needed between $2,700 and $3,400 a year, depending on location, to live modestly, meaning they could afford six eggs per week, fifteen meals in restaurants a year, and one new overcoat every nine years. The estimate and its uninflated dollar figures are thirteen years old, but even its very modest standards cannot be met by today's elderly.

5 SOCIAL INSECURITY

Despite the massive amounts of public money being paid to and for the elderly—at least $40-billion by the federal government alone—the old as a group survive in exceedingly precarious financial straits. Social Security, the financial bedrock for the nation's aged, provides only $2,500 a year for the average retired couple—below the modest minimum standard of thirteen years ago. And while private pension plans are a growing part of old-age security, not more than a quarter of the elderly population is expected to be receiving benefits from such plans by the mid-1970s. The federal government, through Medicare and Medicaid programs, has diminished the threat of huge medical bills. Nonetheless, somewhere between $5- and $7-billion in medical outlays by the aged still comes from other sources, including the aged's own meagerly filled pocketbooks. The social insecurity of the aged gives rise to an unsettling paradox in American life. A growing variety of social and economic pressures are being applied to have the elderly retire from the labor market. But literally millions of the aged must, and do, continue to hold jobs—more than a quarter of those over 65 are still working full or part time—if they are to avoid ending their lives in severe poverty. □

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aging is buried in a conspiracy of silence. Old age exposes the failure of our entire civilization. It is the whole man that must be remade; it is the whole relationship between man and man that must be recast if we wish the old person's state to be acceptable. A man should not start his last years alone and empty-handed. If culture were not a mere inactive mass of information, acquired once and for all and then forgotten, if it were effectual and living, and if it meant that the individual had a grasp upon his environment that would fulfill and renew itself as the years go by, then he would be an active, useful citizen at every age. If he were not atomized from his childhood, shut away and isolated among other atoms, and if he shared in a collective life, as necessary and as much a matter of course as his own, then he would never experience banishment. Nowhere and in no century have these conditions obtained. Although the socialist countries may have come a little closer to them than the capitalist, they still have a very long way to go.

We may dream that in the ideal society I have just spoken of old age as we know it would be virtually nonexistent. As it does happen in certain privileged cases, the individual, personally weakened by age but not obviously lessened by it, would one day be attacked by some disease from which he would not recover. He would die without having suffered any degradation. Old age would really comply with the definition that is given to it by certain bourgeois ideologists—a period of life different from youth and maturity but possessing its own balance and leaving a wide range of options open to the individual.

We are far from this state of affairs. Society cares about the individual only insofar as he is profitable. The young know this. Their anxiety as they enter upon social life matches the anguish of the old as they are excluded from it. Between these two ages, the problem is hidden by routine. The young man dreads this machine that is about to seize hold of him, and sometimes he tries to defend himself by throwing bricks; the old man, rejected by it, exhausted and naked, has nothing left but his eyes to weep with. Between youth and age there turns the machine, the crusher of men—of men who let themselves be crushed, because it never even occurs to them that they can escape it. Once we have understood what the state of the aged really is, we cannot satisfy ourselves with the calling for a more generous "old-age policy," higher pensions, decent housing, and organized leisure. It is the whole system that is at issue, and our demand cannot be otherwise than radical—change life itself. □

AMERICA'S PENSION SYSTEM: A $135 BILLION QUESTION

BY MICHAEL C. JENSEN

"We can never insure one hundred per cent . . . against the vicissitudes of life, but we have tried to frame a law which will give some measure of protection . . . against poverty-ridden old age."
Franklin D. Roosevelt, Signing of the Social Security Act, 1935

Nearly forty years have passed since this nation formally committed itself to security in old age. Today, however, Social Security is hardly enough to support the aged even at poverty levels, and the elderly's own savings, invested and tucked away over a lifetime, manage to provide only about 15 per cent of what the retired live on each year. The result is that in the precarious bookkeeping of old age the private pension—once regarded as a simple "fringe benefit"—has become for many a bedrock necessity.

In 1940 pensions covered only 4.1 million people. Since then they have mushroomed to the point where no fewer than thirty million Americans now belong to plans. Some are run by corporations, some by unions (primarily in trades where there are many small employers). But no matter who shuffles the papers, an overwhelming amount of the money—some 75 per cent—is chipped in by the company boss, whether he is the Bank of America or the local contractor. Taken together, what has been piled up over the years is a formidable treasury rivaling the federal budget. Pensions have on hand some $135-billion in assets as of this year and are expected to have $250-billion by 1980. But as pension plans have burgeoned and reliance on pensions has increased, so, unhappily, has the realization that all too often this reliance is misplaced.

One Department of Labor official admits that one-third to one-half of those who think they will be covered by pensions will eventually find out they are not. Reformers who are now calling attention to the shortcomings of the system set out even more startling figures. Of all those who have worked at and then left jobs with pension plans over the last twenty years, according to a special U.S. Senate labor subcommittee report, only about 5 per cent will ever see their sliver of the multibillion-dollar pie.

Legislation to increase the reliability of pensions has been languishing in Congress for several years. But to date,

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pension reform, arcane and numerical in its details, has seemed designed more to send voters off to sleep than off to the polls to support an overhaul of the system. In this intensely political year, however, reform may well make some headway. Both Congress and the administration are paying more attention to the elderly as their ranks grow. Already a number of congressmen have adopted pension reform as a major bipartisan cause, including Democratic Representative John Dent of Pennsylvania, Republican Senator Jacob Javits of New York, and Democratic Senator Harrison Williams, Jr., of New Jersey. Their $135-billion question: How does so much money, which has no trouble finding its way around Wall Street, have so much trouble finding its way to retiring workers?

Just before last Thanksgiving, the labor subcommittee that is chaired by Senator Williams held hearings to get a few answers. A parade of elderly men and women filed into the hearing room. They sat at a big wooden table and, in turn, cleared their throats and began to tell their stories. Some of them were nervous and wary of the television lights, others angry, a few disheartened, but all had the same message. One way or another, they had lost out on a lot of money.

In his thirty-two years with A&P, Stephen Duane had worked his way up from stock clerk to assistant warehouse foreman. A&P then closed the warehouse, and though some fellow workers (those over fifty-five) got their pensions, Duane, at only fifty-one, turned out to be underage in A&P's plan. No pension. Edmund McCarthy, the father of a severely retarded child in a special school, could not move out of state when Mallinckrodt Chemical Works shifted its plant to a new site. At forty-seven, he lost all claim to the monies Mallinckrodt had put aside for him during his thirty years of driving the company's trucks. After lengthy employment with the Anaconda Company from age eighteen, Iris Kwek got caught in a company cutback. She was forty-eight, and even after three decades with the company she was still more than ten years away from the right to any pension.

What the hearings quite intentionally made clear was that "coming of age" in the pension game—that is, reaching the point at which the pension promise becomes a live claim that a worker who leaves or gets fired can take with him from the pension fund—is an arbitrary business. Though no law demands it, many plans do give workers some right to future pension before they actually retire, but this is usually at ages late in the working life—at fifty-five or sixty. If anything happens before the magic birthday, the whole pension can be lost. Frank Cummings, minority counsel for the Senate labor subcommittee, describes the situation of all too many workers. "Forty-nine years on the job. One day you get sick. You get fired. And you don't get a damned dime."

While arbitrary age rules are generally seen as the pension's greatest specific defect, this arbitrariness is viewed as part of a more pervasive shortcoming: an overall absence of laws to make those who control the mounting billions accountable to those who should eventually get a share of the money. Even reformers agree that most funds are run honestly and cautiously. But if those who hold sway over the money should have self-profit in view, there are few rules to limit what they can do. "Hardly anyone just walks off with the money," says one of the harshest critics of flimsy regulation. "There are so many things you can get away with legally, no one really has to steal."

Those who control the money have the power to direct millions into investments. In 1965 Senator John McClellan's investigating subcommittee uncovered the activities of one New York labor leader. Over the years he had helped found several union locals that subsequently established welfare and pension funds of which he was an officer. Eventually, he also helped set up several research foundations, of which he was also an officer, in such exotic places as Liberia and the Caribbean. Had any of the foundations been dissolved, he would have received a substantial share of the assets. Nearly $5-million from the union pension funds wound up invested and waiting in the far-flung foundations by the time the McClellan investigation came along. But the appalling note, the subcommittee concluded, was that nothing he had done was illegal.

Recently, the Securities and Exchange Commission charged officials of three related companies with using the pension fund of the Sharon Steel Corporation to buy stock in new subsidiaries and to lend them working capital. Nonetheless, one defendant told *The Wall Street Journal* that every move was aboveboard. Talks with the SEC are now under way for a settlement of the case in which the defendants would give up control of the pension money. But, although the SEC suit is still pending, no criminal charges are involved.

That few criminal charges can now be brought against those who invest in their own instead of workers' interests is, of course, only half the problem. If money is badly invested, it is simply not around when the fund has to begin paying it out. Scandalous as this seems, however, it is not so startling to those who have been looking closely into pensions. At any point in time, few funds, even the most upright, have accumulated enough money to cover all claims against them. This widespread undernourishment of funds is clearly far more inimical to the interests of expectant pensioners than incidents of deliberate abuse.

There is nothing illegal about falling short in the ability to cover all claims, and it happens to the best of funds. In theory, a company sets aside money for a worker over the forty or so years of his working life, then eventually uses that money plus interest to give the worker his $78 (or whatever) a month. In practice, things don't work that way. Inevitably, the day after a plan takes effect, someone passes sixty-five and becomes eligible for his $78. Although little or no money was put in for him over a period of years, money must be paid out anyway. Many plans never make up for these "unfunded" claims that they carry from Day One.

Situations such as that of Western Union Telegraph Company may result. With employee claims of $365-million against its fund, Western Union has only $50-million in fund assets. Western Union (and most companies in the same bind) argues that the only time such an unbalanced ratio would matter would be if the company were to go out of business—and Western Union does not think it is about to do so.

No corporation, however, is immune to financial failure—witness Penn Central. Or the Studebaker Division of Studebaker Packard, the classic in-company collapse for anyone concerned with pensions. More than 4,000 Studebaker workers aged forty to sixty got only 15 per cent of what the company owed them. Many got absolutely nothing. And with pensions, unlike money in the bank, there is no Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation to cover the shortfall.

In good part, the failure of pensions to serve as a sure financial mainstay for the retired comes from their growth for practical, not socially motivated, reasons. Historically, pensions have been less a commitment to those too old to work than an inducement to hold on to those who might go and work elsewhere. The funds' biggest growth surge came during World War II, a time when wages were frozen, and the plans became a way to lure scarce labor from competitors. With wage gains restricted, the new multimillion-dollar funds struck union leaders as an impressive bundle to carry away from the bargaining table. Today companies still tend to regard pensions as "their" competitive tool—an extra gratuity for workers dispensed, like the gold watch, in return for long-term loyalty. And most union workers still

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see the pension promise as a trade off for money in-pocket now.

The use of pensions as a negotiated "fringe" of free enterprise also suggests why there has been so little outside review of their operations. The Treasury looks at the plans only to see if they merit and can maintain a tax-exempt status. The Department of Labor registers and files away the annual reports of some 34,000 funds, but, prevented by law from "interfering in the management of any welfare or pension benefit plan," the department rarely takes more than a cursory look at the numbers inside the reports. When the New York labor leader sent millions of dollars off to Liberia and the Caribbean, details were duly recorded in filed reports. "If you don't file," said a Senate aide, "you break the law. And there is no point in breaking the law since no one is going to read what you file anyway."

It is no wonder that pension funds have been lauded in the money markets as the most massive pool of unregulated money in the country.

If the reformers have their way, that free-wheeling definition will change. In fact, the least controversial change proposed—one that unions, corporations, and politicians can all agree on—is for a clear law on the rights and wrongs of managing the billions. Conflicts of interest would be spelled out. Federal tabs would be kept on investments either at the Treasury, in the Labor Department, or in a big, new, wholly separate agency—which would certainly be justified in view of the amount of money involved. But while there is no longer much doubt that some part of the government will soon be routinely on the prowl for fraud, what reformers fear is that enacting a few laws to curb the most visible problems will let the pension industry glide right by the more profound questions that the whole present system poses: At what age should workers get their rights to pensions? Should they be able to build credits as they move from job to job over a whole working lifetime? What if the company or its plan is no longer around when the worker hits sixty-five? And if they are not, how can someone get the pension he has earned?

Proposed answers to these questions include the suggestion for a Federal Insurance Corporation to cover failed pension funds as the FDIC now covers failed banks. Funds would have to pay the government a premium for the insurance. To prevent the collapse of plans, if not companies, both Representative Dent and Senator Javits—but not the administration—have also called for beefing up the monies on hand in the funds over the next twenty to forty years so the funds can, in fact, cover all obligations. The reformers' most immediate concern, however, is to give workers an early and clear-cut claim to their future benefits.

It's tough to sell the young on what it means to be over sixty-five and surviving on a bone-bare income. But the elderly, by virtue of their ever growing numbers, are selling a little understanding all on their own.

The administration has a proposal that would ensure that workers begin to get credits toward pensions whenever their age plus number of years in a company tallies fifty. Representative Dent has proposed that credits go to workers after a flat ten years on the job. In the Javits plan, after six years a worker would begin to have claim to a percentage of what the company is putting by for him, with a full claim guaranteed by the tenth year. Javits would also set up a federal clearinghouse for pensions. As workers change jobs, carrying with them a bit of pension credit from here and a bit from there, the centralized service would keep track of all money ultimately due.

Giving credits toward pensions early in life and letting them build from job to job recognizes what most present plans fail to—that our economy is one of high mobility and fast technological obsolescence of jobs as well as goods. Present rules that honor longevity on the job were fine, says a counsel from the hearings, "when people stayed put in the same small towns and factories all their lives. But take the aerospace people. They move with the defense contracts."

Remedies for pension defects have been around Washington since a presidential commission's report on the system came out in 1965. Not surprisingly, the objections to that report filed by many of its corporate and union advisers are the same criticisms leveled at the reform bills now in Congress. Companies object to the bureaucracy of possible federal regulation with its promise of tie-ups and paper work. And they are critical, with some reason, of having to drop large sums into their funds to make sure there is enough on hand in case of corporate crack-up. As Western Union has said, it would rather pump the $3.8-million a year that such a buildup would require back into the company itself to ensure that the company *will* in fact survive.

As for the unions, the auto- and steelworkers support change. But many others, such as the garment workers, see the reforms as costly items that could drive their often marginal bosses out of business. Nor are the unions and employers even allied in their opposition. For if more costly pension security does come along as law, companies say the only way they could meet requirements would be by cutting benefits, or the number of people covered, or workers' paychecks—not a set of solutions the unions will stand for.

Despite these widespread objections, there lurks in the background a prod to accepting the beginnings of real reform. Radical critics of the system talk of folding pensions into Social Security or making them mandatory instead of voluntary; the talk may soon be taken more seriously if milder reform does not come about. Few want to see pensions engulfed in Social Security, which would result in the loss of flexibility in benefit arrangements and the loss to the economy of those investable billions. Mandatory plans seem equally threatening, although Finland, which legislated a mandatory system over the protests of businessmen in 1962, has managed to make its aging workers self-sustaining without causing hardship to the economy. In Finland each worker chalks up credits toward a pension from age twenty-three on. When he moves out of the work force, he can expect from the cumulative contributions of all his past employers about 40 per cent of his final salary as retirement income.

Whether or not such a system would work here is, of course, open to question. Finland has only two million workers. We have eighty million in the work force. But the increased complexities that size poses here are not the only difference. Our country was one of the last industrialized nations to accept the need for Social Security. The Scandinavian nations were among the first. Overcoming complexities may be less important than developing this nation's ability to care about the needs of the ever growing group of older people in its midst.

At base, that problem of attitude may be *the* problem of pensions. One union leader talks of how tough it has been to persuade workers of the significance of pensions, of what life over sixty-five on a bone-bare income might mean. He shakes his head: "You just can't sell the young on the idea they will ever be old." But fortunately, these days it looks as if those who do know what it means, by virtue of their sheer, growing numbers, are at last beginning to sell some understanding on their own. □

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THE NEW POPULISM AND THE OLD: A MATTER OF WORDS

BY RICHARD REEVES

It was just another week in American politics, 1972. John Lindsay called George Wallace a "phony Populist." George McGovern called John Lindsay a "Park Avenue Populist." Hubert Humphrey called himself "The People's Democrat," explaining at impressive length that the slogan meant he was and always had been a Populist. A New Jersey advertising man named Daniel Gaby went to an abandoned hotel ballroom in Newark to announce that he was *the* Populist candidate for the Democratic nomination for U.S. senator, "running to defeat what is defeating this country: the concentration of great wealth and power in the hands of fewer and fewer people." Jack Newfield and Jeff Greenfield, who used to compose rhetoric for Robert F. Kennedy, published a book called *The Populist Manifesto.*

Populism is in. It's what putting a little American flag in your lapel was a couple of years ago. Politicians of every stripe are discovering that by calling themselves Populists they can wrap themselves in all the right flags, Old Glory and the banners of Ralph Nader, George Wallace, and the Sierra Club. The trick is simply not to be *for* anything but "the little people" and to be *against* almost everything from higher taxes and pollution to their own pre-Populism records.

The red-white-and-blue words of the new Populism all sound pretty much alike these days—the new Hubert Humphrey is just as enthusiastic as Wallace in attacking what the old Humphreys have been doing in twenty-five years of power—and Gaby got the rhetoric of the day just about right in his candidacy announcement in Newark: "We must fight the big money that buys influence in city halls, county administration buildings, the halls of Congress, and the White House. We must fight the big corporations that monopolize markets, fix prices, gouge tenants, and pollute the air. We must fight the special interests who make the Pentagon their own niche of power; who send us to fight an undeclared war against our own natural interests. We must fight those who would have poor blacks and working whites quarreling over the crumbs. . . . The average citizen is taxed too much and gets too little. He is driven from his home by high taxes, he is cheated out of his pension, neglected and impoverished in his old age."

The style of the new Populism is as old as politics, as old as leadership—"It's them against us!" The old People's Party, which flowered briefly in the southern and Plains states in the 1890s, is being remembered rather romantically these days as the noble rising of the real people. It may have started that way in the red clay of Georgia, but it very quickly soured into the politics of paranoia. In 1892, within two years of the movement's beginning, the national platform of the People's Party warned: "A vast conspiracy against mankind has been organized on two continents, and it is rapidly taking possession of the world. If not met and overthrown at once, it forebodes . . . the destruction of civilization." The new Populists see conspiracies, too; that kind of twisted vision is as American as apple pie. Richard Hofstadter wrote of the 1892 "Pops": "The fear and suspicion of the stranger that haunted the nativist American mind was exhibited by the Populist in a particularly virulent form. Everyone remote and alien was distrusted and hated—even Americans, if they happened to be city people." And especially if they were city people who happened to be Jews or Catholics.

Nineteenth-century Populism began as the last stand of segments of American agriculture against the East, the cities, and a new industrial aristocracy. It ended as something like the last stand against "bankers . . . foreigners . . . Jews." The People's Party itself built on that desperate base by appealing to nonagricultural workers with programs for governmental and labor reform—those "radical" reforms of the 1890s included the graduated income tax, the eight-hour day, and government regulation of banking and business. The first Populist platforms later became part of the foundations

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of the more elitist Progressive movement of the early twentieth century and, still later, of the New Deal. But the real challenge and direction of the Populists was trumpeted by William Jennings Bryan: "Burn down your cities and leave our farms and the cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country."

The old Populism reached people who felt threatened by accelerating social and economic change. The only real descendant of the Populists campaigning today, George Wallace, is doing the same thing behind his brilliant slogan: "Send *Them* a Message." Racism, now unspoken by the Alabama spellbinder, is also in the Populist tradition—even though the myth is building that the attempts of a few Populists to put together black-and-white coalitions were successful.

Some of the other new Populists are pale imitations of Wallace. What Humphrey, his old liberalism burnt out, practiced rather successfully in the Florida Democratic primary might better be called popularism. Ol' George said it, and they cheered, so Hubert said the same thing—either that, or the man from Minnesota took a poll to find out what a majority of "average citizens" wanted to hear and then gave it back to them.

Part of the trick of being a Populist is finding a scapegoat—"the bankers . . . the foreigners" in 1892. Now Wallace comes into town sanctifying the "average citizen" and blaming everything on "the Rockefellers and the Fords, the Mellons and the Carnegies . . . every Hottentot nation ten thousand miles away getting your hard-earned money . . . the social schemers who want to bus your little children . . . the welfare loafers . . . the Congress."

In case anybody misses the show, Humphrey comes through talking about "the average family" and about "the super rich, big business, the banker. . . . We've helped the rest of the world for twenty-five years, and I hope nobody will think I'm selfish when I say that for the next ten years we might want to help ourselves. . . ."

Or there is Lindsay attacking "Washington" and "the power centers." Or McGovern taking on "the interests."

The new Populism, at the moment, is a matter of words and style—like Lawton Chiles walking from one end of Florida to the other in 1970 to win election to the U.S. Senate. And the style is designed to do what Chiles did: to win an election.

"In this manifesto, we have outlined a *political* program and proposed a *political* strategy," Newfield and Greenfield write on page 219 of their 221-page book *The Populist Manifesto*. Only then do they add two paragraphs outlining their ideas of what Populist *government* might mean to the lives of average and not-so-average citizens:

"Clearly, stockholders would have less money from their holdings. The top 5 to 20 per cent of income-earners and wealth-holders would find their tax bills sharply increased; and summer homes and European vacations would be more difficult to achieve. Some respected citizens would be indicted and convicted of criminal offenses—the kind that don't show up on police blotters, but that do take money out of the pockets of millions of us, and that do threaten the lives and health of many of us.

"General Motors wouldn't be nearly as big and powerful as it is today; the Rockefeller Foundation would have less money to do 'good works' with, since its taxes would be higher. If Harvard or Columbia wanted to expand its facilities at the expense of a black or Italian or Jewish neighborhood community, that neighborhood would have the clear legal right—and the legal and professional talent—to fight that expansion; so students and professors might have to use outmoded equipment and crowded spaces. Craft unions wouldn't be allowed to keep out blacks or hold down the labor supply, and they might feel their economic security jeopardized. Congressmen would be under far greater scrutiny than they are now; and business and professional people would be eating a lot fewer expense account meals."

The next, and last, paragraph of the book begins, "That's a lot of people to antagonize. . . ." That's one of the truest things that has been said about serious Populism this year. If the fuzzy concepts of the new Populism were being seriously debated by politicians—they won't be, because candidates are in the business of *not* antagonizing anybody—it would soon become clear that a real Populism would not be giving anything away to anybody. A real Populism would be work, and would involve sacrifices in order to redistribute the benefits of an affluent society to all its citizens. Shouting at the Rockefellers and making them pay more taxes is fun, but that isn't going to bring a black family in Marianna, Florida, into the society and it isn't going to clean up the air over New York City.

Take those two problems: poverty and pollution. If that black family is going to get its share of the American action, then other families are going to have to give up some. A house is going to have to be built in the suburbs somewhere, a house just as good as the one next door where some $10,000-a-year welder lives—and the welder is going to help pay for it. In fact, the welder is probably going to have to figure on having less work. There is only so much welding to do, and a lot of poor people deserve a chance to be welders. And it goes on, because, whether we like it or not, there is a real conflict of interests at the bottom of the American pyramid, between what new Populists like Daniel Gaby call "poor blacks and working whites." They may both dislike banks and Hottentots and they may vote for a candidate who goes after bankers, but the day after election they're going to be on different sides about a lot of things. Governing is still more real than campaigning.

Nobody is against clear air—the biggest polluters run television commercials about oil refineries cleverly disguised as bird sanctuaries—but if the corporations are forced finally to clean up the mess they helped make, the consuming, voting welder is going to end up paying the bill the next time he buys an air conditioner. And he may not be able to buy one, because extravagant consumption of electricity is one of the things that causes pollution. It's not only the oil companies that are going to have to sacrifice when the new Populists do what they say they're going to do about corporations and ecology.

The old Populism lasted only five years before Bryan and the Democratic Party co-opted the rhetoric and programs of the People's Party. Within the next twenty or thirty years, the best of those programs were part of the American way of life. And so was the overriding idea of the movement—the "Pops" were the first serious American political movement to demand that the federal government assume responsibility for the welfare of average citizens. (Ironically, a major thrust of Wallace Populism is that the "Feds" have assumed too damned much.)

Wallace spiels the same attractive mix of ideas whose time has come and good old-fashioned paranoia. His big pitch now is vague demagoguery about tax reform—"the average citizen is paying too much, because the rich are getting special treatment from the American Congress"—and the Humphreys and Muskies and Nixons are falling all over themselves putting out tax-reform programs after ignoring the issue through their long public careers.

So far in 1972, Wallace's better idea has dominated Democratic, if not American, politics. Beyond that idea, it's hard to visualize the new Populism lasting any longer than the old. But certainly it will last out 1972. As long as there are ambitious politicians with speech writers who know a good thing, there will be mini-movements to define problems and to exploit frustrations without defining solutions or losing too many votes. □

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THE LOBBYIST: OUT OF THE SHADOWS

A look at an increasingly visible fraternity, lately in the glare of political scand

"Lurking behind the scenes, in the gray shadows of the Capitol, is an army of lobbyists, efficient and well-heeled, pushing the interests of their employers. Most lobbyists are better paid than the Congressmen they influence. They are equipped with arguments and statistics to help make their points and they add emphasis to their words with their thick bankrolls."

Jack Anderson and his onetime employer, the late Drew Pearson, once used these unflattering terms to describe that seldom lauded institution of American government, the lobbyist. Anderson recently added some seamy documentation to his description by publishing a memo that, at least temporarily, has propelled the lobbyist out of the shadows and into the glaring limelight of political scandal. The memo, allegedly from International Telephone and Telegraph's chief Washington lobbyist, implied that a very thick bankroll, $400,000, was promised by an ITT subsidiary to help underwrite the upcoming Republican National Convention in San Diego. In return, the memo starkly suggested, the Justice Department abandoned antitrust efforts to prevent the merger of the $2-billion Hartford Fire Insurance Company into ITT's vast, conglomerating bosom.

In the bizarre unrolling of allegations and interpretations that followed publication of the memo, a doctor treating the lobbyist testified that his patient may have been suffering a mental lapse at the time she wrote the memo. Later, the lobbyist herself, a hard-driving middle-aged woman named Mrs. Dita D. Beard, said the memo was a forgery. Whatever ultimate truth is gleaned from the episode, it will no doubt serve to strengthen a popular conception of lobbyists as shady characters and influence peddlers whose very existence is a threat to honest government.

A distinctly different view is held, however, by many analysts of the American government. George Galloway, a onetime political scientist with the Library of Congress, saw a large measure of redeeming social merit in the services lobbyists provide. "Modern lobbyists," he wrote in *The Legislative Process in Congress*, "generally operate openly and frankly and rely upon public opinion, real or stimulated through judicious use of publicity and propaganda, to influence action. The Third Chamber, the lobby, has become a respectable institution.... It is the creative chamber composed of the idea men furnishing the motive force of modern legislation."

If the Anderson-Pearson view of lobbyists tends toward melodrama, the Galloway interpretation ignores those wide gray areas of public morality within which many lobbyists exercise their trade. In truth, Washington lobbyists as a whole probably dwell somewhere between the lurkers and the Third Chamberers.

There are today about 5,000 of the breed in the capital, men and women who work more or less full time at trying to influence governmental actions and decisions in favor of their clients. And the number of lobbyists is growing steadily. According to one estimate, eight out of ten of the nation's 1,000 largest companies already maintain some sort of representation in Washington, and at least a dozen new corporate offices open up in the capital each year. Just who is and who isn't a lobbyist is a matter of differing definitions. The number formally registered with the House of Representatives fluctuates from around 2,500 to half that number. Many lobbyists, in fact, shun the designation and prefer to be known as attorneys or public-affairs consultants, but their function is readily recognized in Washington and is invariably referred to as lobbying. It is a term, curiously enough, that means nothing to 45 per cent of the American people, according to a Gallup poll of a few years ago.

Washington's maximum lobbyists, in terms of resources and influence, are those who work for special economic interests, on the payrolls or retainer lists of private corporations, labor unions, professional associations, industrywide organizations. Some of these lobbyists are capital personages of legendary power—the AFL-CIO's chief lobbyist, Andrew Biemiller, for instance. Former House Speaker John McCormack once remarked that he consulted Biemiller on Labor Committee appointments. Lobbying tends to be a highly anonymous occupation as far as the public at large is concerned, however, and the most famous, or infamous, of lobbying operations are impersonal and informal amalgams, the names of which evoke images of mammoth and somewhat sinister wielders of raw power—the Highway Lobby, the Sugar Lobby, the Utility Lobby. The big daddy of them all is the Oil Lobby, which spreads out over a half-dozen subgroups in Washington, employs scores of people, and spends millions of dollars annually.

It is an investment that the oil industry understandably feels is well spent. The stakes involved in lobbying range from procuring small personal favors to protecting earnings running into billions of dollars. In the oil industry's case, the stake is $9-billion a year; that's the amount by which the industry's revenues are estimated to be bolstered because of congressionally imposed oil-import quotas and special tax deductions.

The industrial lobbyists usually have large budgets with which to court administrators and legislators directly and to build up public pressure for their causes through advertising and public relations campaigns. ("Keep the Trust," exhorts a current, liberally financed campaign of the Highway Lobby, aimed at fending off legislative raids on the $5-billion-a-year Highway Trust Fund.) Possibly more significant, if less sinister, than money in the arsenal of weapons available to industrial lobbyists is the near monopoly on information that many of them have at their command concerning the complex, often highly technical operations in their industries. To legislate intelligently for the natural-gas industry, for example, and to regulate it, the government must rely on data that the industry and its lobbyists provide.

"A lobbyist is anyone who opposes legislation I want," said James A. Reed, a onetime U.S. Senator from Missouri. "A patriot is anyone who supports me." This bit of ironic hyperbole incidentally makes a point about the traditional lobbyist for special economic interests: His pursuits are hardly expected to be characterized by overriding concern for the public weal. But a new

David Sheridan, a former *Life* correspondent, now free-lances in Washington, D.C.

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and four more or less representative members.

BY DAVID SHERIDAN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRED MAROON

breed of lobbyist professes to be oriented to just that. These are the so-called "citizens' lobbyists," an informal collection of reformers, environmentalists, consumer rightists, etc., of which Common Cause, specifically set up as a lobbying organization, is perhaps the purest example. Among the greatest victories scored to date by the citizens' lobbyists was defeat of the SST, fiercely lobbied against by a coalition of groups ranging from the environmentally activist Friends of the Earth to the National Taxpayers Union. Another triumph was the enactment of campaign spending limits for federal office, a cause championed on Capitol Hill by the National Committee for an Effective Congress.

The citizens' lobbyists have brought a breath of idealism and crusading zeal to the ranks of the lobbyists, but their methods tend to be much the same as those of their less altruistic brethren. The citizens' lobbyists may not provide boozy hospitality suites near Capitol Hill when Congress is in session, but they do act as sources of expert information—on the perils of supersonic transportation, for instance—prepare testimony for committee hearings, help draft legislation, and often play central, coordinating roles in the parliamentary bargaining involved in the passage of most legislation.

Both kinds of lobbyist, in effect, perform functions that at times are virtually indistinguishable from those of government officials or Congressmen themselves. Very often the lobbyist himself has worked directly in government as well as on the edge of it. Indeed, in the sketches of the four lobbyists that follow, one especially visible common denominator is the fact that each had government experience. In three of the four cases this experience was in areas directly related to interests of the lobbyist's employer. The sampling here, which indicates other common denominators as well, ranges from cynical wheeler-dealer to idealistic Common Causer. Paradoxically enough, the former insists on being called a lawyer, while the latter rather likes the idea of being called a lobbyist. It is no longer a dirty word, even though every once in a while it gets a bit muddied. □

RAY WILSON

"When the American pie is divvied up, my clients want to be in on it."

Ray Wilson's career as a link between commercial and governmental interests began when Wilson, just out of law school, raised money for a young Democrat running for Congress. Wilson —though the name is fictitious, everything else about him is quite real— approached the new owner of a nearly bankrupt road-surfacing company. The district would grow, Wilson promised, if his candidate were elected. The owner of the road-surfacing company contributed $5,000 to the candidate's campaign, the candidate was elected—he is now a powerful member of the House —the district did grow, and so did the road-surfacing company. The company received several fat federal contracts as the Interstate Highway System was directed through the district of the Congressman, who has become a close friend and business associate of Ray Wilson.

After a stint as assistant to the treasurer of the state Democratic Party, Ray moved to Washington. He spent "three extremely educational years" in the Congressional relations office of a regulatory agency. He then became a lobbyist for a company in an industry that his agency was charged with regulating. Today, Ray Wilson's clients include a conglomerate whose earnings fluctuate wildly from year to year; a Florida-based construction company; a small airline that serves Ray's home region; and an electronics company in his state. He makes $48,000 a year.

What do his clients get in return? "I never promise them influence," says Wilson, "because I don't have it to deliver. I can't march into a Senator's office and tell him how to vote. Oh, you hear about creeps in this town bragging that they have this Senator or that commissioner in their hip pocket. Baloney. I provide my clients access, not influence. I put them in touch with someone who I know will work with them and try to come to an amicable and reasonable agreement if possible."

Providing "access" is in itself an important basis of influence in Washington, however, and Wilson does not deny that it has helped his clients' causes. When the airline that Wilson represents wanted to add a middle-sized city in its region to its route, for example, Wilson set up a meeting with Federal Aviation Administration officials, and with two Congressmen, one Senator, and two administrative assistants to Senators. He helped to draft legislation permitting the federal government to subsidize the building of a larger airport in the city involved and provided occasional reminders about the legislation to Congressional staffs until it was incorporated in an omnibus bill and passed. Then, in his role as a lawyer, he negotiated route changes and new fare schedules with the Civil Aeronautics Board. The airline got its additional stop.

Wilson also serves as a "political consultant" to his clients, which means he counsels them on where to place their money come election time. For instance, every two years he reminds the owner of the construction company that he represents to contribute—the donation is usually $4,000—to the campaign of a Southern Congressman who holds a key post on the committee responsible for authorizing Veteran Administration hospital construction funds. The construction company builds quite a few VA hospitals.

To keep his access routes open, Wilson spends a considerable amount of his time ingratiating himself with those whom he or his clients are likely to want audiences with. An administrative assistant of an important Senator calls him Sunday morning for tickets to a sold-out Redskin game. Wilson spends up to three hours on the phone trying to find some and always succeeds. A middle-aged Congressman enjoys an occasional discreet dalliance. Wilson makes the proper arrangements. When a Senator visits New York, Wilson sees to it that a company-rented suite in a Fifth Avenue hotel is made available to the lawmaker.

While Wilson efficiently manages to aid others in their business and, sometimes, their personal affairs, he has made something of a wreck of his own private life. Approaching forty, he is

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twice divorced. He drinks too much Scotch, knows it, and is trying to cut down. Several of his love affairs have ended with some rather messy scenes. "The disaster area I call my personal life," he reckons, "may be because I, like lots of other men in my line, secretly crave the public acclaim our politician friends receive, so I live my life vicariously through them—and that never works. But I don't see any alternatives."

Yet, if Wilson concedes that there is something wrong with his private life, he doesn't see anything at all amiss in his public morality. "When the American pie is divvied up, my clients want to be in on it—just like everybody else," he says. "What the hell is wrong with that?" □

DICK BRIGGS

Nothing would help so much as more money.

Dick Briggs is part of one of the most ambitious lobbying efforts under way in Washington. He is executive director of a group with the gimmicky name of ASTRO—America's Sound Transportation Review Organization—and as such is working nearly full time these days toward getting a piece of legislation called the Hartke-Adams Bill through Congress. Little noticed by the press or the public at large, the bill is of immense interest to the nation's railroad interests and is energetically supported by the Association of American Railroads. ASTRO, in fact, is a creature of the association, set up to help revitalize the floundering railroad industry.

Not surprisingly, the railroads have decided that nothing would help quite as much as more money, and the Hartke-Adams Bill, above all, provides just that. The bill would establish a government corporation that would be able to give up to $5-billion in financial aid to the railroads, in loans or loan guarantees. The bill would also greatly ease the process whereby railroads could increase their freight rates, changes in which are now subject to lengthy review by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Briggs coordinates ASTRO's "grassroots" campaign on behalf of the railroad industry and the Hartke-Adams Bill in particular. With a budget of $350,000 a year, he makes sure that speakers—armed with slides, texts, and pamphlets—reach every conceivable civic organization willing to listen. Briggs himself frequently addresses Kiwanians, Rotarians, and other such groups. Whenever appropriate, the organizations are encouraged to pass formal resolutions supporting the railroaders' cause, and these in turn are brought to the attention of influential or influenceable people on Capitol Hill.

In addition to his public relations efforts, Briggs manages to be present at most Congressional hearings on matters affecting the railroads. He often sits alongside former Senator George Smathers of Florida, who also does some lobbying for the railroads, and is ready with expert information for the hearings on such arcane matters as how many freight cars are needed on the West Coast to haul winter wheat eastward. When the industry testified before Congress last year on the Hartke-Adams Bill, Briggs handled the technical questions and many financial ones as well. He can rattle off from memory a virtual catechism on the plight of the railroads. "There are seventy-one railroads in the United States. Five of them are bankrupt, and another seventeen are 'marginal,' according to an ICC study. In 1970 the railroad industry's return on its investments was 2.367 per cent—the lowest of any major industry. They could have done much better investing in government bonds. The government guarantee of loans will help the industry attract private capital for buying more freight cars and modernizing facilities, which will help generate some earnings."

At thirty-three, Briggs conforms more to the Third Chamber image of the lobbyist as a valuable quasi-official of government; so does Briggs's own philosophy of lobbying. "Lobbyists rise or fall," he says, "more in their ability to provide information than on their persuasive powers. Nobody lasts very long in this town passing out bad dope." Still, in a town where personal connections are almost everything, Briggs's own persuasive powers are hardly impeded by the fact that his employer before he joined ASTRO in 1969 was the Interstate Commerce Commission. □

LYNN STALBAUM

"Creative drudgery" is used to milk the system.

The Secretary of Agriculture sets the level at which the government will support the price of milk, and before the opening of each new milk-marketing year on April 1, he announces what the level will be. Last year, on March 12, then Secretary of Agriculture Clifford Hardin announced that the milk price support would *not* be increased from the previous year's. On March 25 Hardin increased the price support by 6 per cent.

What happened during those thirteen days to cause the turnabout? Did some entirely new, heretofore unknown facts about milk production costs come to the Secretary's attention? No. Was there a ground swell of public protest against holding the line on milk prices? Hardly. The milk lobby is what happened. As lobbyist Lynn Stalbaum says: "We put a lot of effort into getting the price support raised." That, as it turns out, is a magnificent understatement.

Stalbaum, a fifty-one-year-old former Democratic Congressman, represents three milk co-ops that have a total of 75,000 farmer members and market about one-quarter of the nation's milk. He is one of six full-time lobbyists in Washington for the milk industry and would appear to be ideally suited to his job. He grew up on a 175-acre dairy farm in southern Wisconsin. He worked for the Department of Agriculture for eight years, was manager of a dairy for thirteen years, and was a staunch defender of dairy interests during his ten years in the Wisconsin State Senate and two years in the U.S. House of Representatives, where he sat on the Agriculture Committee. Stalbaum even looks the part. He has the stocky frame and homely but friendly face of a good German dairy farmer. Affable and relaxed, he operates in a low-key, unflappable way that is very effective in Washington.

Stalbaum notes that one of his major responsibilities in the milk lobby's price-support campaign "was getting friendly Senators and Representatives to file statements with the Department of Agriculture supporting our position." Nobody knows precisely how many members of Congress let the department know they wanted the milk price support increased, but one department source estimated that the number was "substantial." "No, you could say, ah, very substantial."

During the price-support battle, Stalbaum was also busy lining up legislators behind a bill, concocted by the milk industry, that would have taken the power of setting the milk price support for that marketing year out of the Secretary of Agriculture's hands and given it to Congress. Between March 6 and March 25 a total of twenty Senators and thirty Representatives added their sponsorship to the bill. "Looking back, I think this strategy made a crucial difference, even though the threat to have Congress take over the jobs was really an idle threat, for that year anyway. We forced the Department of Agriculture to take a second look, because no department in the Executive wants to have that kind of power taken away from it. The number of members of Congress who were willing to support us was impressive, and over at the Department of Agriculture they had to be saying to themselves, 'If they have that many supporters now, how many

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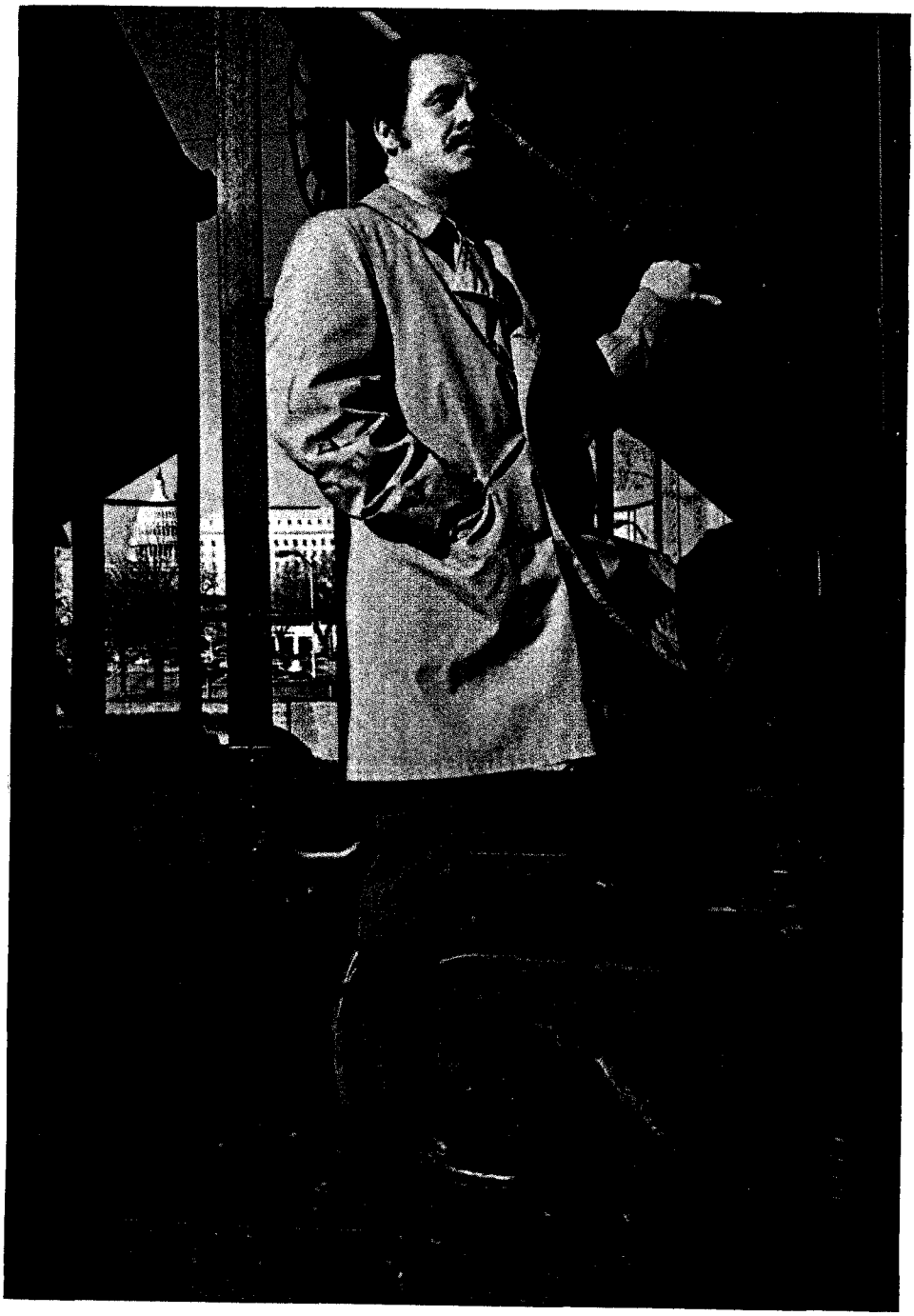
DICK BRIGGS

Executive Director, America's Sound Transportation Review Organization



"Lobbyists rise or fall more on their ability to provide information than on their persuasive powers. Nobody lasts long in this town passing out bad dope."

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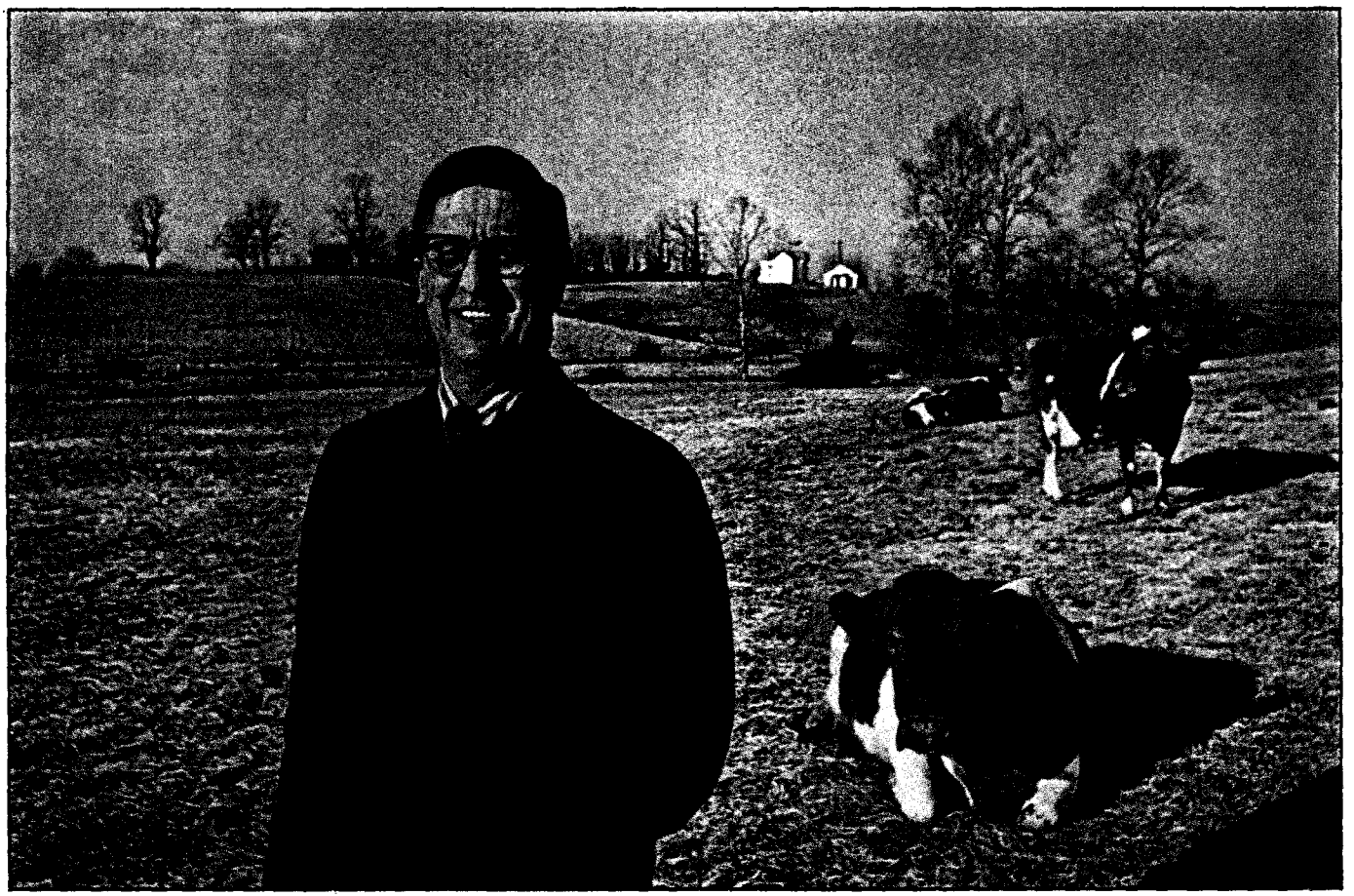
LYNN STALBAUM

Washington representative, America Dairymen, Inc.,
Associated Milk Producers, Dairymen, Inc.



"My job is basically a series of
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Every year, for instance, the administration
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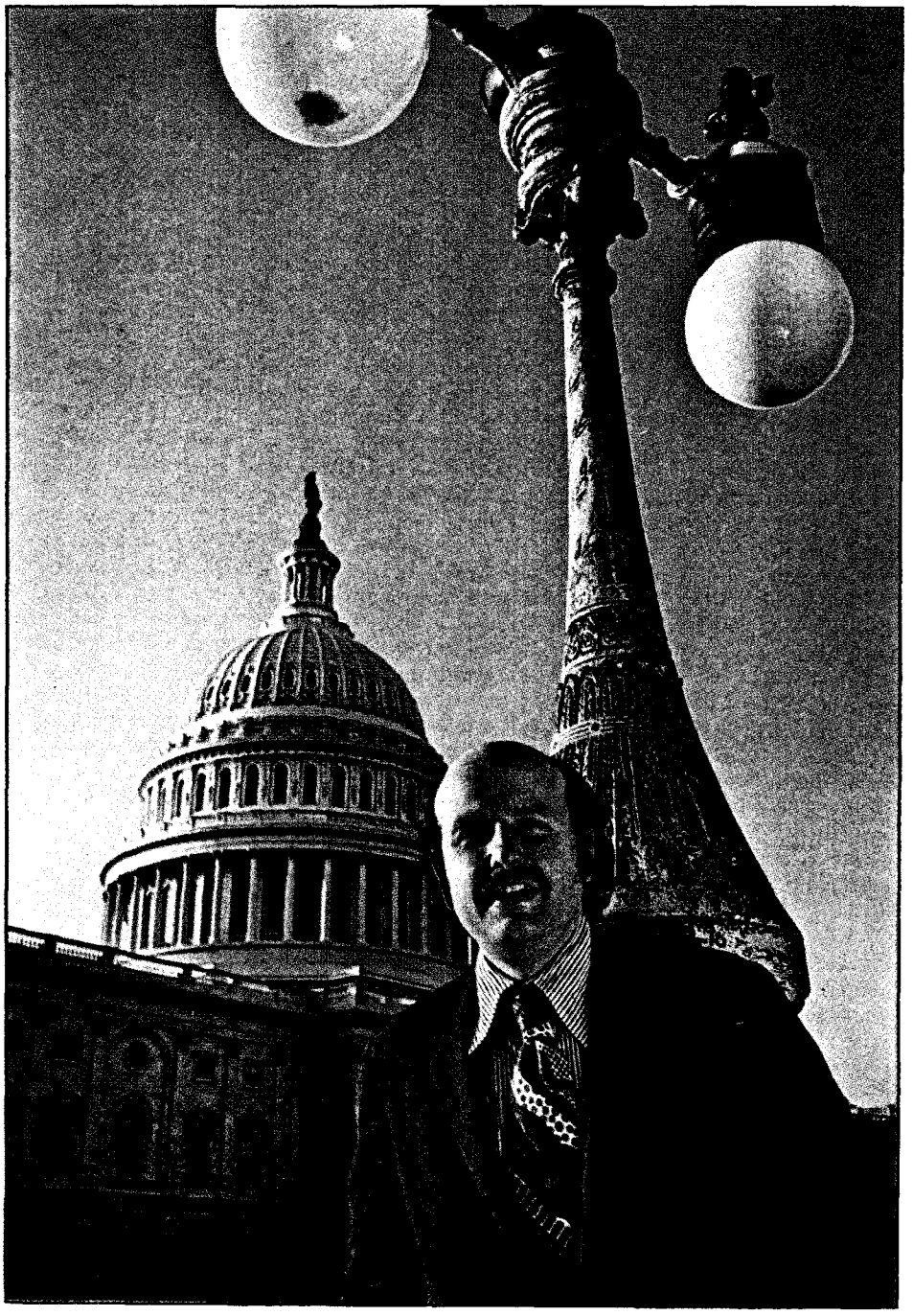
FRED WERTHEIMER

Associate Director, Legislative Activities,
Common Cause



"When you spend all your time
on one issue like I did,
you naturally find
yourself in the thick of things
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to rely on your expertise."

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will they have next year?'" This was the stick Stalbaum and the milk lobby used against the administration. There was also a carrot.

Stalbaum's three retainers (Associated Milk Producers, Inc., San Antonio, Texas; Dairymen, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky; Mid-America Dairymen, Inc., Springfield, Missouri) suddenly became quite generous—excessively so, some critics feel. Shortly after Secretary Hardin's announced decision not to increase the milk support, the political arms of these three dairy co-ops handed out some $322,500 to Republican committees and dummy organizations set up to work for the re-election of Richard Nixon. A remarkable sum of money, considering it wasn't even in an election year.

On March 23 the co-ops' representatives were granted the unusual opportunity of meeting President Nixon in the White House and pleading their case in person. And two days later, the government's price support for milk rose from $4.66 a hundredweight to $4.93, which is exactly the figure Lynn Stalbaum and the milk lobby were pushing for.

"Creative drudgery" is how Stalbaum, who works alone out of a small, two-room office, with walls covered with pictures of famous politicians, living and dead, describes his work. He explains: "Except for the price-support issue, my job is basically a series of small, very unspectacular battles. Every year, for instance, the administration tries to remove the school milk program from the budget, and every year we manage somehow to get it put back in." This ritual restoration can be attributed in part to Stalbaum's cultivation of friendship in Congress.

Stalbaum maintains a network of contacts on Capitol Hill among Congressmen and Senatorial staffs. He has little direct dealing with the Senators themselves. "I can't remember the last time I had lunch with a Senator." But he has developed a Who's Who of the Congressmen in terms of the politics of milk. "We are trying right now, for example, to get an import quota on certain kinds of cheese, but when I learned that one Congressman has one of the biggest cheese importers in the country in his district, I didn't bother to try to persuade him to our side.

"Above all else, you must be a pragmatist," Stalbaum philosophizes about his trade. "A lobbyist deals in degrees of persuasion. You hope to induce your friend to become more vigorous in his support and your foe a little less so in his opposition." But Stalbaum also feels that some of the inducements and degrees of persuasion involved in lobbying are to be disparaged. In fact, he advocates tougher controls on campaign contributions and lobbying activities generally, because he feels they can have an "unhealthy" influence on democratic government; they can foster in the individual citizen, he says, a sense of helplessness and cynicism. □

FRED WERTHEIMER

"It is just the beginning for us."

After Fred Wertheimer graduated from Harvard Law School, his career followed a course typical of many lobbyists. He worked three years for a regulatory agency, the Securities and Exchange Commission, two years in the office of a Congressman, liberal Republican Silvio Conte, and two years on the staff of a Congressional committee, the House Small Business Committee.

Wertheimer grew restless in the last job, and he might well have moved on to become a lobbyist for a big industry, but he didn't. "I had a couple of prospects, and each one would have had me working for something I didn't believe in, so I turned them down." Instead he went into "semiretirement." His wife found work, and he stayed home. For "three sensational months," he slept late, ran a mile-and-a-half every day, read some of the books he'd always meant to read but never had the time to, and watched just enough daytime television "to feel decadent."

Then an organization named Common Cause offered the thirty-two-year-old Wertheimer a job on its staff of lobbyists for $23,000 a year, and he took it last May. For Fred Wertheimer it's an enviable assignment, because he finds himself lobbying for legislation in which he is in "complete accord ideologically," a luxury most lobbyists seldom enjoy.

Common Cause, a self-proclaimed citizens' lobby, was formed two years ago by John Gardner, a former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. It is supported by a number of corporations and by the more than 200,000 individual Americans who pay $15 or more a year to be members. It promotes various liberal programs, with a special emphasis on structural reforms within the system such as the eighteen-year-old vote, reform of the seniority control in Congress, and limitations on campaign contributions.

For most of his time since joining Common Cause, Wertheimer himself has been immersed in a cause hardly common to most Washington lobbyists—antiwar legislation. But his functions have been very much the same in this ideological pursuit as they would have been if he were promoting, say, a higher oil-depletion allowance. "When you spend all of your time on one issue, as I did with this one," he explains, "you naturally find yourself in the thick of things, and Congressmen are quite willing to rely heavily upon your expertise." Wertheimer became, in effect, a staff specialist on the antiwar issue for the Congressmen who were the war's strongest opponents. He functioned as a coordinator and clearinghouse of all information relevant to getting a bill through the Congressional maze and onto the floor for a vote; he helped plot parliamentary maneuvers, kept nose counts, and had a hand in drafting last-minute amendments.

Before 1971, the House had never had a teller-recorded vote on the question of U.S. withdrawal from the Indochina war, but, partly because of Wertheimer's efforts, three such votes were held last year. "All of which we lost," Wertheimer notes, with the kind of relentless optimism that lobbyists seem to share with salesmen in general. "The first time we got 141 votes [out of 435 Representatives], the second 158, and the third 193. I think the increase from 141 to 193 worried the administration."

Wertheimer has also been lobbying for a proposal to establish a consumer protection agency within the government, which seems to have brighter prospects than antiwar legislation. One version, weaker than the Common Cause people would like, has already passed the House, and a stronger measure is pending in the Senate. In the cause of consumer protection, Wertheimer frequently crosses paths with Ralph Nader's people, who are themselves lobbying for the same measures. He admires in Nader himself a quality that tends to distinguish the citizens' lobbyist from his private-interest counterpart. "Nader's sense of outrage is limitless and never slackens," says Wertheimer. "He never seems to become jaded, which is so easy to do here in Washington after you've been around awhile."

The citizens' lobbyists have been around Washington for a comparatively short while, too short, perhaps, for jadedness to set in; but long enough, Wertheimer feels, to begin to prove the citizens' lobbyists' durability as a counterbalance in a heretofore lopsided institution. "All the inputs—money, persuasion, technical information, expertise, and staff work—have poured into the system from only one side, the special economic interests like the highway construction business or the oil industry." Wertheimer glimpses a possible, eventual balance of influence between the private- and the public-interest groups, but he doesn't imagine that the moment is anywhere near at hand. Says this representative of Washington's new, divergent breed of lobbyist: "It is just the beginning for us." □

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

"Screwballs" Revisited

There is only one glum aspect to Peter Bogdanovich's unflaggingly funny *What's Up, Doc?* and that is the fact that its whole style and tempo derive from a genre irrevocably linked to the Depression of the Thirties, the "screwball comedy." One of the charms of "screwball" was its seeming irrelevance: Crazy people did crazy things, generally in a setting of opulence beyond the dreams of avarice. In *Easy Living,* for example, banker Edward Arnold petulantly flings his wife's $58,000 kolinsky coat from his Fifth Avenue penthouse, and it wraps itself around Jean Arthur, a demure secretary on her way to work. In *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* Gary Cooper has to be forcibly restrained from freakishly squandering the millions he has inherited.

Although these comedies used to be thought of as pure escapism or, in more sinister fashion, as bolstering what historian Richard Griffith once referred to as "the fantasy of good will" in a society torn by dissension, on re-examination almost forty years later they display a disconcerting awareness of the harsh realities of their times. In *My Man Godfrey,* a destitute William Powell is picked off a Hooverville dump in the course of a scavenger hunt organized by the giddy rich. In *Mr. Deeds,* a hungry horde storms Deed's mansion to protest his prodigal ways. In almost all of them, the Depression was there, supplying a grim counterpoint to their zany surfaces.

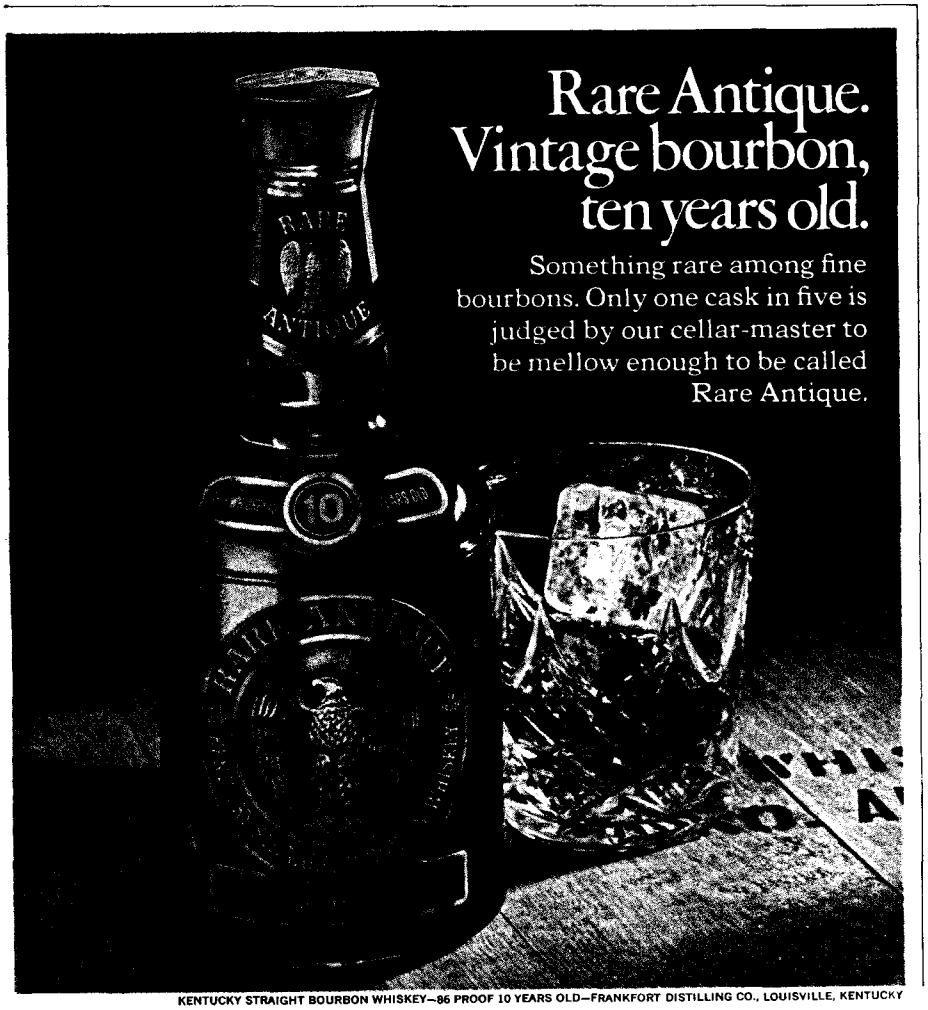
The disturbing thing is that it has taken most of us forty years to discover that these values were there all along; and one wonders what, in the perspective of another forty years, *What's Up, Doc?* may reveal about our society today. Certainly, with a witty and inventive script by Buck Henry, David Newman, and Robert Benton (based in turn upon a story by Bogdanovich that owes much to Howard Hawks's *Bringing Up Baby,* another "screwball" classic of the Thirties), *Doc* is enjoying the same ready acceptance—and adjectives—as the earlier films.

One of the characteristics of screwball was its utter reliance on the long arm of coincidence, an arm that Bogdanovich cheerfully stretches well beyond the breaking point. He asks us to believe that four—four!—identical traveling bags (and their respective owners) could not only converge on San Francisco in a single day but wind up in closely arranged rooms in the same hotel. One bag belongs to Ryan O'Neal and contains the musical stones with which he hopes to win a $20,000 grant. Another belongs to Barbra Streisand, a college dropout—but from nineteen colleges!—and contains only a change of clothing. Mabel Albertson's is filled with diamonds, and Michael Murphy's with purloined government documents. The bags change hands faster than stock options in a bull market.

And that is another screwball characteristic: speed. Just possibly, if the pace of the plot, the gags, the slamming doors, and the downhill chases relented for even a moment, the whole airy confection would collapse. The pace never flags for a second, and when the verbal humors fail there is always a sight gag to replace them—capped by a *Bullitt*-style chase in a runaway delivery cart over the hills of San Francisco.

Bogdanovich's real triumph, however, lies in extracting superbly farcical performances from actors who have had no training whatsoever in this genre. Streisand, I suppose, has some special kind of genius for doing everything incredibly well, and one shouldn't be any more surprised by her frenetic clowning than by her way with a brace of old Cole Porter songs. But Ryan O'Neal, fresh from the soggy bottoms of *Love Story,* as a *farceur* in the tradition of Cary Grant—with just a suggestion of Harold Lloyd on the side? Even more to the point, lacking the tradition that produced such immediately risible supporting players as Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Lynn Overman, and William Demarest, Bogdanovich extracted reasonably equivalent performances from Kenneth Mars, Austin Pendleton, Sorrell Booke, and (especially) Liam Dunn as an apoplectic judge and is, at the very least, impressively successful.

As its title suggests, *What's Up, Doc?* owes at least as much to the marvelous single-reel animated cartoons of the Thirties and Forties as it does to the screwball comedies. Its characters careen from one hilariously hazardous incident to the next with the utter indestructibility of "Bugs Bunny," "Tom and Jerry," or "The Roadrunner." There is a difference, however. The cartoons had to keep audiences laughing for only seven minutes. *What's Up, Doc?* manages to keep them roaring for better than an hour-and-a-half. □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What Went Awry with Pope John's "Event"

BY WALTER ARNOLD

THREE POPES AND THE CARDINAL

by Malachi Martin

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 299 pp., $7.95

When Rome speaks, not even the Roman Catholic Church, let alone the secular society, hearkens readily any more, or even listens. When Rome is shaken, however, the Church and at least the Western world still tremble. And in the aftermath of the Second Vatican Council Rome has experienced a shaking to the foundations. For many, in and outside the Catholic Church (even that distinction has become less clear), the Church in any identifiable sense is simply breaking up and, in the process of "modernization," disappearing. Paradoxically, this seems to be happening at a time of new religious concern and awareness on the part of "post-moderns," who are increasingly disaffected from what modernity has produced. Up to the present the Catholic Church has been a kind of constant for the detached as well as for the faithful and "fallen away." But what if the constant should radically shift?

Despite its title, Malachi Martin's latest book is not solely, or even primarily, concerned with churchly matters. Although it does contain vivid pen portraits of the title subjects (Popes Pius XII, John XXIII, and Paul VI, and Cardinal Bea, the late head of the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity), as well as acute analyses of current Church crises, the book, above all, seeks to illuminate the present human situation through an interpretation of the whole of modern Western history in its relation to the upheavals in the Catholic Church.

As such, *Three Popes and the Cardinal* is perhaps the most ambitious effort of its kind. No writer on the Council and the Church in relation to contemporary society has adopted so sweeping a field of view as has Dr. Martin. For he has attempted to go beyond the presentation of history as a collection of supposed facts. "History," he observes, "is by necessity interpretative. It always implies understanding and comprehension. An account of history is a statement of meaning, and not merely or principally an exact chronicling of events in a sequential pattern of autobiographical or partisan nature."

Dr. Martin's essay is also the most perceptive and stimulating personal statement on the people and events leading up to and following the Council that I have read. But, since it would be profoundly discouraging if the book's main points were convincing, I am happy to report that, to me, they are not. To say that and let the book go, however, would be unfair. The work fails—ironically, since so much of it is about the "failure" of the Church—but it fails instructively. I shall try to show how and why.

The idea of structure plays such an important role in Dr. Martin's analysis that a word about the structure of his study is in order. It consists of five parts, the second of which—"The Trap-Gate of History"—is pivotal because it expounds Dr. Martin's theory of history, drawn from a rapid survey of two millennia. The first part introduces the main characters of the recent historical drama. It also sketches the principal argument of the book, which is elaborated on in the last three parts. These treat, in succession, "The Last Pope" (Pius), "The Great Gamble" (John and his Council), and "The First Un-Pope" (Paul). Throughout the book there is a great deal of jumping around, overlapping, plain repetitiveness, and "sounding off" along tangents. But, on the whole, Dr. Martin's intentions and judgments are clear, however much one may disagree with them.

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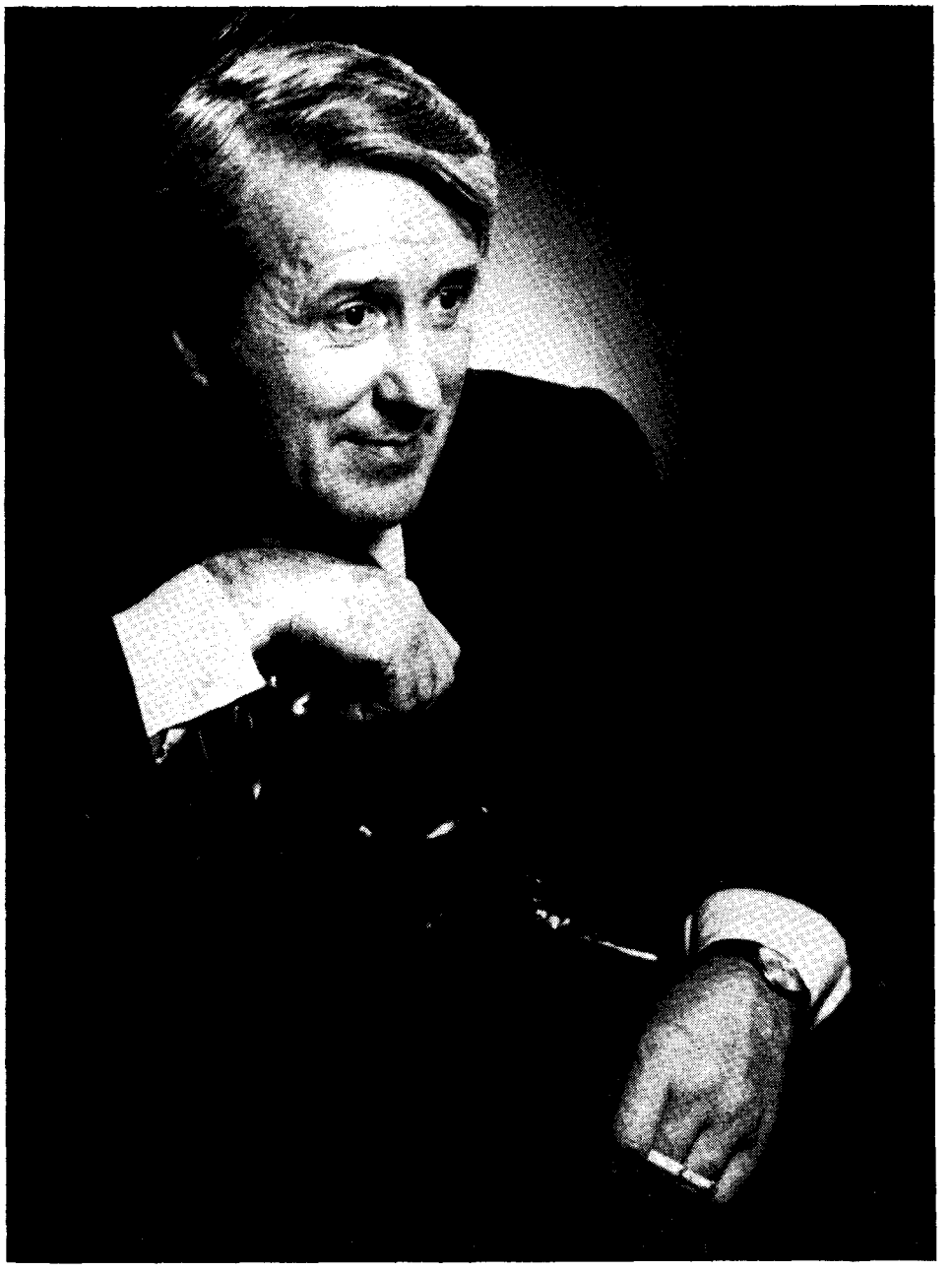
The author says his study "concerns man in the last third of the twentieth century, as seen through the eyes of one man, Angelo Roncalli [Pope John XXIII]." Yet this claim is either presumptuous or too modest; it is hard to say which. Surely the book does concern man in the last third of the twentieth century, as seen through the eyes of one man, but that man is Malachi Martin, not Pope John. The savor and bite, the interest and orneriness of the work come precisely from its highly personal, even idiosyncratic character.

Who, then, is Dr. Martin? This reviewer can relate little more about his outward career than what can be learned from the dust jacket and what bits the author chooses to tell us in his pages. Now in the process of becoming an American citizen, Malachi Martin was an Irish Jesuit who took his higher degrees at the venerable University of Louvain, Belgium, in Semitic languages and Oriental (Near Eastern) history. He is an authority in biblical studies, specifically in the so-called inter-testamentary period—that between the time of the end of Old Testament and the beginning of the New. As such, just before the Council began, he was sent to the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome, where he became an adviser and close associate of Augustin Cardinal Bea. During or shortly after the Council, Dr. Martin apparently became disassociated from the Jesuit Order and subsequently immigrated to the United States, where he has been writing and teaching. In addition to *The Scribal Character of the Dead Sea Scrolls* and his pseudonymous book, *The Pilgrim*, which elaborated on his important work in Cardinal Bea's Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, Dr. Martin is the author, most recently, of a massive tome, *The Encounter*, on the historical and religious failure of the three great Western religions.

But these are just file-facts. One learns much more about the mind of the author, which is so crucial in an interpretative essay of this sort, from the style and drift of the writing itself. And as the prose is laced with contradictoriness, so must the author be. Despite certain disclaimers, I read a pessimist (as to the future of Christianity and the Church, as well as of humane secular culture) *and* a believer (in man, God, Christ, the Spirit); a visionary (of the past as well as of the future) *and* a political "realist." His is a classically formed mind that barely governs a romantic imagination; indeed the might of his imagination supplies the deficiency of evidence for some of his positions. Not surprisingly, Malachi Martin is very much an oppositionalist: he tends to be opposed to every side of a controversy. Consequently he is prolific in inventing dualistic and opposed figures and ideas ("The Ordinary and the Touched," structuralism and pseudo-Romanticism), neither term of which is agreeable to him. He seems to want to be a surveyor of all planets and an inhabitant of none. Yet because of his residual, and saving, faith and hope none of the oppositions is final with him.



Malachi Martin (left), Pope John XXIII (right)—"Above all, the Council itself did not create a 'new thing,' a fresh 'charisma,' for all men or, for that matter, for Catholics or Christians. The Spirit did not shine out. There was no Event."

To these impressions I should add that Dr. Martin's prose is usually lively, sometimes brilliant, but too often facile. He is addicted to projective historical scenarios—imaginative conceptions of possible futures—both more and less based on history, a bad habit Dr. Martin carried over from *The Encounter*, where they proliferate. He is also given to allegorizing movements and individuals ("Of Man as Hero," "Of Man as Structure," "The Time," "The Event," "The Machine"), thus making the concrete vague. When he does not interrupt it maddeningly at length, he can tell a compelling story, such as that of Cardinal Bea. He can lampoon, parody, and scorn magnificently and pillory wittily. But his writing would be far more felicitous were he not so easily prone to the obsessive repetition of certain themes and phrases, to startling shifts of focus from one section of the book to another and often from one paragraph to another. I should add that there are too many copy-reader's errors in the book—such as "Reliquiary," "antimony" for antinomy, "Kah-

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ner" for Rahner, "Consciousness IV" for Consciousness III.

Especially deplorable in someone who values compassion so greatly is Dr. Martin's frequent arrogant contempt, which occasionally descends to verbal cruelty toward those he brands as "Angelists," "Destructors-elect," "the Pathetics," and the like. ("One vision of pathos is provided by a small fraction of human beings who have missed the point of modern man's existence but whose vocation is to be shrill in dying out.") He excoriates Daniel Berrigan and his associates as "self-styled Dietrich Bonhoeffers as it were, returned to life, setting bomb timers to the lyrics of Jesus Christ Superstar, dodging F.B.I. agents with a prayer to the Guardian Angel, and thirsting for neo-Nazi concentration camps in Amerika the Ugly, and fresh Roman crosses in Amerika the Krass, in order to shed all that lovely, lovely, red, red blood. Rabbit blood. Christ's blood. A fuzz's blood. Hell! What's the difference. It's all just blood." Dr. Martin's contempt for these "revolutionaries," problematic as they are in some respects, is, well, contemptible.

Nevertheless, despite its highly personal aspect, *Three Popes and the Cardinal* does have an objective substance and argument that describe a very wide circumference, the center of which is Angelo Roncalli, Pope John:

> His starting point was different. It was reality. He was the first pope to think as man. [The only one of 261?] The problem for him was neither natural nor supernatural, a question neither of converting pagans nor of reconciling dissident Christians, neither of opposing nor of appeasing Communists nor of forming working alliances with socialists. The problem was man, the human species as a whole at this juncture of human history.

Pope John's response to this problem, according to Dr. Martin, was to plan for what the author persists in calling an "Event," the occasion of which, he claims, was to be the Second Vatican Council. "He had to gamble on the Spirit and on Chaos; so that what lacked to man could shine out from among men, shine and catch fire, melt and warm over the iced face of human society, liquefy its members, and let all men of good will live just one shattering moment and experience their unity as men. Just one such moment would suffice. This was Roncalli's planned Event." Needless to say, from Dr. Martin's view at least, the "plan" did not succeed. "Above all, the Council itself did not create a 'new thing,' a fresh 'charisma,' for all men or, for that matter, for Catholics or Christians. The Spirit did not shine out. There was no Event."

Now the failure of the purportedly "planned" Event, in Dr. Martin's account, tends, almost imperceptibly, to become the failure of the Council, and that is exactly—to use one of his favorite metaphors—"the trap-gate" Dr. Martin shuts on his readers. However, the implication is simply invalid, its premise basically a gratuitous personal judgment. The author evinces not a shred of independent evidence that Pope John's real intention was such as he alleges. And this reader remains wholly unconvinced by his intuition and gloss on Pope John's words.

Even under some plausible interpretation of "Event," can Dr. Martin truly say none came about through the Council? The Council itself was an Event of very shaking portent. Even unbelievers have called it a "miracle." Otherwise why the fear and trembling, why the stir and confusion, why this book? If the Council was "a failure" then we must speak of the excellence of failure. Dr. Martin writes, "The Council produced nothing that was not in the logic of events," but the Council itself was not "in the logic of events," if that cant phrase can be given any clear meaning. We are in fact hardly in a position at this time to say what the Council has produced, except that

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Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ON THE COUCH

Each of these fictional or real characters underwent psychiatric treatment. Phyllis Kolber of Chicago says it will be good therapy to relate them to their own circumstances. There's a couch for you on page 62.

1. Eddie Anderson ( )	A. A writer with a mental breakdown, she lives in the nightmare world of a mental hospital.
2. Clifford W. Beers ( )	B. A rich, beautiful schozophrenic, once involved with her father, marries a young psychiatrist.
3. Deborah Blau ( )	C. The head of a mental hospital becomes a patient there, where he dies.
4. Holden Caulfield ( )	D. In his much-publicized trial, both defense and prosecution call in psychiatrists.
5. Virginia Cunningham ( )	E. A city official, he tells how his mother brought on his personal problems.
6. Nicole Warren Diver ( )	F. After his shocking experiences as a mental patient, he wrote a classic autobiography.
7. Liza Elliott ( )	G. A slightly unbalanced adolescent, dissatisfied with adult society, runs away.
8. Lt. Frederick Manion ( )	H. A brilliant ad-man, he suffers an auto accident and sets fire to his father's house.
9. Alexander Portnoy ( )	I. A fashion editor, she can't make up her mind as to which man she really loves.
10. Dr. Andrey Yefimitch Ragin ( )	J. A psychotic teen-ager, she retreats into the weird kingdom of Yr.

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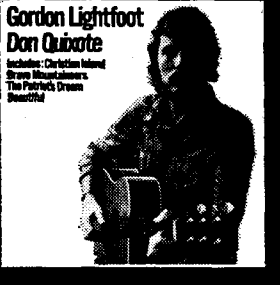

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through it the Catholic Church moved from a closed to an open body. To say that is not too much, nor indeed too little.

In Dr. Martin's papal pageant Pius XII was "the last pope" in the traditional sense, and Paul VI is "the first un-pope." His account of Pius as "the Prince of Power," and of the strictures of the Church of Pius's time, is corrosive and to the point, though it hardly adds to Carlo Falconi's observations in his excellent book *The Popes in the Twentieth Century*, which affords a useful corrective to Dr. Martin's in some places.

Paul, according to the author, "realizes that John's gamble had failed. It can even be argued that he never believed it would work. Paul knows that the jig is up. He knows that Christianity is alien to Western civilization." (The only question is how *Dr. Martin* knows all this!) Consequently there is nothing Paul can do except try to keep the factions at bay; his is "a holding action" against the future. A glum picture, but again only if one accepts the author's palette.

What of Cardinal Bea in all this? His career spanned the three Popes' reigns and he was a confidant of each. Dr. Martin's portrait of him, which is among his most sympathetic and informed, constitutes one of the book's real merits. Alas, even this picture is too fragmented, interrupted too often. We hear that Bea was "the most tragic figure in recent Church history: he died the most disappointed, embittered, disillusioned, and misrepresented member of Roman Catholic leadership in the twentieth century." But we never learn just what the tragedy consisted in, and we even hear stories contradictory to this dark assessment.

The book does, however, concern more than "three Popes and the cardinal." A leitmotif of the argument throughout is what the author claims to be the increasing and irreversible categorizing of things and men according to their parts and functions. This "structuralism" of history and the world, particularly Western civilization, has made this culture increasingly intractable to Christian and Catholic forms and values. The entire second section of *Three Popes and the Cardinal* constitutes a very entertaining and, I am afraid, very tendentious cultural-historical survey (from Vespasian to Vespa, in fifty pages) charting this development. It has, we are told, come to a head in the United States, which for Dr. Martin, as for more cheerful writers like Jean-François Revel, is the ineluctable vanguard of the rest of the world.

"Structuralism" is an umbrella-word if ever there was one, and Dr. Martin makes it cover a number of dim defi-

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nitions. Under the umbrella he delivers a great many hip-shooting generalizations about American culture, America today, the incompatibility between American and Christian directions, etc. Since he uses a shotgun for his *obiter dicta* it would be surprising if he failed to make a number of solid hits. (Norman Mailer as a "phallus-totin' granddaddy and metaphysician of the gut," for one that keeps the metaphor.) But he has a long way to go to reach Annie Oakley. Dr. Martin cannot see Mary McCarthy's "humanist in the bathtub." The idea that American society is unalterably structuralist or "scientistic" and so hostile to religion, is like saying that it is constitutional and so hostile to radical change. Such dollar theses are finally unacceptably inflated.

The chief flaw of this otherwise valuable analysis is the assumption that crucial events have and will come about no matter what, that they are antecedently determined. It is remarkable how often the words "inevitable," "unalterable," "unavoidable," and their cognates come up in these pages: "The change is so great that today certainly and inevitably all men living and all men about to live and to take their places on this planet earth are destined to enter this particular frame of human dimension." The controlling metaphor of historical section, "The Trap-Gate of History," is telling. And the only response one can make is that there is no proof of historical inevitability, the grounds for which must be outside reason. The assumption of inevitability, however, makes all the difference in what one can hope for from human events.

Fortunately, and despite all, Dr. Martin has other resources of interpretation than the inevitablist creed. He speaks thus of the Holy Spirit:

> There is nothing so ungovernable as the Spirit. It vivifies. It destroys. The Spirit goes where it wills, does what it wills, is no man's slave, obeys no beck, is at no man's call, chooses its favorites, rejects any front-runner it so pleases, can evoke order from chaos, dismal failure from a brilliant beginning, and success from total disaster.

Just so and, one might add, "is not Time's fool." It is an eloquent passage, by no means the only one in the book, and one with which Pope John would have heartily agreed. It should signify that, in William James's phrase, "an ever not quite yet" applies to all human last judgments, including those in the present book.

Walter Arnold, a former editor of *Commonweal*, teaches in the Excel program at Fordham University, Lincoln Center.

BLACK CHRISTIAN NATIONALISM: New Directions for the Black Church

by Albert B. Cleage, Jr.

Morrow, 312 pp., $8.95; paperback, $3.45

Reviewed by Anthea Lahr

■ Christians believe that God is love. Albert B. Cleage, Jr., believes that God is power, black power. ". . . Jesus, the Black Messiah, was a revolutionary leader, sent by God to rebuild the Black Nation Israel and to liberate black people . . . ." Elsewhere Mr. Cleage writes: "As long as black people are talking about love no one is worried, but when we start talking about power everyone is worried." For Mr. Cleage, to believe in a God of Love is to believe in a slave theology, in a philosophy of God that was designed to uphold white supremacy. Of course he is right that the Church as a kind of theological corporation is part of the oppressive white power structure. But the Church as an extension of the family that Jesus started with the apostles is a brotherhood that includes Mr. Cleage and all the people he despises. And he belittles other black leaders—Ralph Abernathy, Jesse Jackson, Roy Wilkins—because of their commitment to integration. Integration, however, is the key to Christianity. Not just integration of all peoples under God, but integration of all aspects of the personality. Jesus healed and to heal means to make whole. Separatism is the opposite of healing.

Many people have attempted to appropriate God for their own purposes (Hitler's official "philosopher," Alfred Rosenberg, tried to prove that Jesus was an Aryan). Although we can presume that God is on the side of liberation, it is a blasphemous limitation of His power to believe that Christ was a Black Panther sent down from heaven, who was "putting together the basic cadre for the Black Nation." Christ died for the whole world, not just for liberals and radicals. We are all chosen people.

Mr. Cleage's diagnosis of the source of the oppression of his people is unassailable. It is not a random group of white individuals, but an intricate power pattern that will do anything, even integrate, to survive. So Mr. Cleage views integration as a way of perpetuating the oppression and threatening black identity: "We do not want to become a nonpeople." Yet what is the alternative? However badly treated, black Americans are Americans and Mr. Cleage's plans for a black nation are mostly rhetoric. As a spiritual entity, a black nation could be

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created in the same way as the peoplehood of the Jews, who preserved their identity through their faith and suffering for thousands of years. Black people, though, have suffered enough.

For two thousand years the Church, as an institution, has been used to subdue the powerless. In medieval Europe, as later on the slave plantations, they were kept docile by threats of fire and brimstone and the promise of a better afterlife. Mr. Cleage rightly wants to change that and make the Church (alas, he is only concerned with his particular form of black church) a force for liberation and justice. On the other hand, can black nationalism be Christian when it "rejects nonviolence both practically and philosophically"? And, on a more practical level, can a black revolution succeed without white help —especially from the media? "You wonder what happened to the Black Revolution," Mr. Cleage writes. "White people just took it out of the paper and off TV." Yet he fails to draw the obvious conclusion from this—that we all need each other.

Mr. Cleage does not wish to break down race barriers ("I make a special effort to fly first class so I won't have to hold inane conversations about race") nor will he validate the other, often heroic efforts of black revolutionaries ("No Black people in America are really trying to structure a Black Revolution except Black Christian Nationalists"). This exclusiveness bodes ill for black freedom and Christianity alike. Yet Mr. Cleage's basic premise—namely, that "Black people want the power to control their own destiny, to define their own identity and condition"—is inarguable.

Saint Paul, whom Mr. Cleage calls "an Uncle Tom who wanted to identify with his white gentile oppressors," defined true integration: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus." Like Paul, Mr. Cleage has a fine anger and pride: "We are going to be ourselves. We are going to love ourselves and look at the world through our own eyes." But if we truly love ourselves, we will love others, because we cannot love ourselves if all we find inside is vengeance and hate.

Anthea Lahr is a free-lance social critic.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1H (*The Arrangement*), 2F (*A Mind That Found Itself*), 3J (*I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*), 4G (*Catcher in the Rye*), 5A (*The Snake Pit*), 6B (*Tender Is the Night*), 7I (*Lady in the Dark*), 8D (*Anatomy of a Murder*), 9E (*Portnoy's Complaint*), 10 C (Chekhov: *Ward No. 6*).

AN AMERICAN DEATH:
The True Story of the Assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Greatest Manhunt of Our Time

by Gerold Frank

Doubleday, 467 pp., $10

Reviewed by Fred J. Cook

■ It was the evening of April 3, 1968. Lightning crackled, thunder crashed, rain drummed in a steady deluge on the roof of the meeting hall in Memphis, Tennessee. And Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., seemed to defy the elements and fate as he made his last great, impassioned speech—during which he described a number of threats against his life. Gerold Frank, who recreates that scene and the atmosphere in a city almost hysterical with tension, probes the minds and describes the emotions of many who heard Dr. King that night. Later they recalled that they had never known King to speak that way before, almost as if he were in another world looking down at his past on earth.

This is Gerold Frank's account, quoting Dr. King:

"Like anybody I would like to *live* . . . a long life; longevity has its place." He sounded cool, reasonable now, stating what any reasonable man would wish to say and feel. "But I'm not *concerned* about that now . . ." His voice began to rise. "I just want to do God's *will!*" He was carrying his audience with him. "And *He's* allowed me to go up to the mountain . . ." His voice continued rising, its cadences greater, more rolling. "And I've looked over—and I've *see-een* . . ." He lingered on the word, his voice high-pitched, tremolo-like, the high singing voice of a violin, it pierced one, "the—*Promised Land.*" Cheers and applause, and cries from the audience. "I may not get there with you, but I want you to *know, tonight,* that *we-as-a-people-will-get-to-the-Promised Land!*" Each word intense and high, and building up again, after a pause in a quick rush, a torrent of words: "So I'm happy tonight I'm not worried about *any*thing I'm not fearing *any* man!" To a crescendo that swept everything before it: "Mine eyes have *seen the glo*-ry of the *com*-ing of the *Lord!*"

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In Harlem on September 20, 1958, a demented woman stabbed Martin Luther King, Jr., with a letter opener, seen protruding from his upper chest (top left); in Oslo December 10, 1964, Dr. King holds Nobel Peace Prize gold medal (top, right); in Memphis March 28, 1968—flanked, on left, by Bishop B. Julian Smith and, on right, by the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, Dr. King (below) leads civil rights march: "Like anybody I would like to live . . . a long life; longevity has its place. . . . But I am not concerned about that now . . . I just want to do God's will!"

At 6:01 the next evening, Dr. King, standing on the balcony of his room outside the Lorraine Motel, was slammed violently backwards by a high-powered rifle bullet which, according to the official reconstruction, was fired from the bathroom of a rooming house across the street. A man who called himself John Willard and who was later identified as James Earl Ray had registered there in mid-afternoon. A small-time crook, Ray had failed at almost everything he undertook, his only notable success having been his escape from the Missouri State Penitentiary the previous year.

Gerold Frank reveals a flair for drama, as well as a solidly researched familiarity with local moods and events, as he sets the scene. The summer of 1967 had been a nightmare in Memphis: wild rumors had swept the city until almost everyone waited in dread for the incident that would spark an explosive racial war. The spark had not been struck then. Now, in 1968, a garbagemen's strike, the refusal of the city administration to reach a sensible agreement, a march led by Dr. King that got out of hand and turned into a riot had revived and intensified the old fears. Dr. King returned to lead another march, a peaceful one—and was assassinated.

All of this is told with the sweep and excitement of a novel. The weakness of *An American Death* comes later, when Frank takes up the vital question: Was the murder the work of a psychotic loner or the product of a conspiracy?

Frank handles this issue much like a detective story writer who gives the reader a number of clues which lead to only one conclusion, then in the final chapter knocks the props out from under all of them. Thus, in the end, Frank comes down on the side of the official verdict: The murder was the work of a lone assassin; no conspiracy was involved.

To arrive at such a verdict one must resort to a host of rationalizations. Where did Ray, never in the past much more than a nickels-and-dimes holdup-man, suddenly get the $7,000 he spent in his months of liberty? Ray insisted that most of it came from a mysterious contact named Raoul, whom he couldn't or wouldn't identify further. Frank theorizes that Ray must have pulled a number of successful holdups; but, though thousands of FBI agents worked on every aspect of the case, there is not one iota of evidence to support this. How did Ray, the bungler, suddenly become a wily expert at smuggling diamonds, heroin, marijuana across U.S. borders? Frank does not answer this question, but it would seem only logical that Ray must have had contacts and guidance.

Frank's handling of another sensitive issue—Ray's use as aliases of the names of four Canadian citizens who were remarkable look-alikes—is especially suspect. Frank pictures Ray, after his escape from Tennessee to Canada, as hunting through old newspapers for birth notices, then hanging around the homes of the men he identified in this fashion to determine whether they looked like him. This has to be pure imagination, and it does not explain how Ray had come to use *previously* the names of two such look-alikes, Eric Starvo Galt and John Willard.

The assassination investigation was

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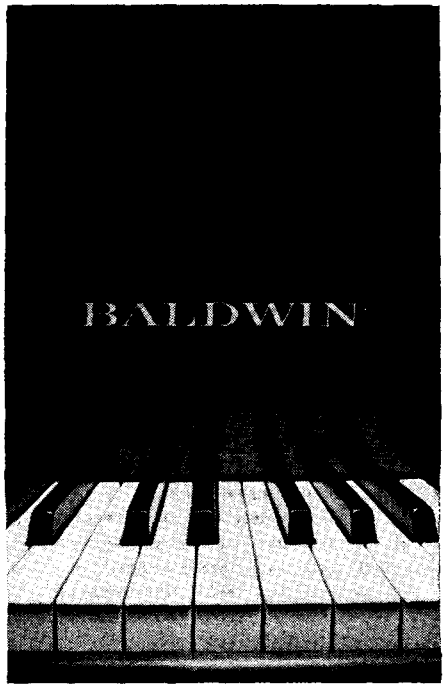

Lorin Hollander's Accompanist

much muddied, both here and abroad, by some indications that two men were using Ray's aliases. Ray's arrest at Heathrow Airport in London on June 8, 1968, resulted in vast confusion. Scotland Yard announced that the arrest was made at 11:15 A.M., as Ray was transferring from an incoming Lisbon flight to one bound for Brussels. But subsequent investigation had Ray leaving a London rooming house at 9:30 A.M. to go directly to the airport to catch a Brussels flight. Had two men, using the same unusual Canadian alias, Ramon George Sneyd, been picked up? Frank brushes off the question, ignoring the fact that Scotland Yard six months later (as Harold Weisberg demonstrated by reproducing the correspondence) was insisting on the accuracy of its original Lisbon-transfer announcement.

Frank concludes there just never were two men in London using the Sneyd alias. Yet Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., former counsel to U.S. Senate committees and head of the Committee to Investigate Assassinations, had obtained from London landladies through on-the-spot interviews descriptions of two Ramon George Sneyds. One of them, according to his landlady, had left behind the paraphernalia of a drug addict—and James Earl Ray was not an addict. The landlady added that when she told official investigators of this discovery they warned her quite crossly never to speak about it.

Gerold Frank's book, then, while a fascinatingly written tale, is something less than the whole "true story" about the murder of Dr. King.

Fred J. Cook is a free-lance who has written frequently on criminal topics.

REPORT FROM ENGINE CO. 82

by Dennis Smith

Saturday Review Press, 215 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by David W. McCullough

■ Those little boys who dream of becoming firemen when they grow up don't know what they may be getting into. In the South Bronx, where Smith's Engine Company 82 is located, the neighbors, mostly non-English-speaking Puerto Ricans, know that all they need to do to summon help is to pull the handle of the corner fire alarm. As a result, Fireman First Grade Dennis Smith and his colleagues in the New York Fire Department are called in to care for drug O.D.s, to settle marital spats, to break up brawls, or simply to relieve the tedium of a hot summer night. One day Company 82 races off, first, to treat the victim of a hit-and-run accident, then to rescue the guilty driver when an angry mob decides to teach him a lesson; on another day it encounters a naked madman wielding a carriage whip; and time and again it is called to alarm box 2743 on the corner of Charlotte and 170th Street, where the Company finds nothing but a handful of men drinking beer from cans wrapped in brown paper bags. Smith says that his firehouse responds to more false alarms than does any other in the city. "In the city of New York last year, firemen responded to 72,060 false alarms," he writes, "an average of 197 daily."

There are, of course, also fires to be put out. In the course of an average day Company 82 douses the flames in four or five automobiles abandoned by owners or car thieves. Frequently the men find themselves fighting fires in deserted buildings where blazes have occurred in the past. (I suspect that the Company must be tempted to let these firetraps burn to the ground so as to be done with them once and for all.) Then, too, there are the serious fires: apartment fires with life and property to be saved.

In the intervals between true and false alarms, a number of mundane details must be attended to: sweeping the firehouse, cooking meals, studying for advancement exams, holding meetings to decide such questions as how much should be set aside from each man's paycheck to buy a dishwasher for the Company's kitchen.

Able to describe routine matters without making them seem dull and equally capable of chronicling moments of high drama, Smith is an author who hardly seems typecast for the role. Indeed, he often comes across as a character out of an old Pat O'Brien movie. He plays a bagpipe in the Emerald Society band, is married to an understanding wife named Pat, and has three young sons, Brendan, Dennis, and Sean. Raised in a midtown Manhattan slum, Smith quit school at fifteen; now, like many New York policemen and firemen, he lives in the suburbs and feels a deep distrust for the city. Thirty-one years old ("at times I feel fifty"), Smith earns about $11,000 a year and regards himself as "a professional fire fighter."

On the other hand, stashed away in his locker at the firehouse, along with copies of *Playboy* and *Saturday Review*, is a well-thumbed edition of the poems of Yeats—echoes of which turn up in unexpected places in his book. For example, in an account of the early stirrings of a bar-room brawl, Smith remarks that time "is a circling tower."

There is something about Dennis Smith and his fellow firemen at Engine Company 82—Irishmen almost to a man

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—that brings to mind the British raj in India. They are highly skilled outsiders in a region they don't quite trust, and they are surrounded by a darker-skinned people whose language they cannot understand and whose safety often depends on their vigilance. One almost expects to hear a passing reference to the white man's burden.

Dennis Smith's memorable "report" is dramatic, highly readable, sometimes funny, and on occasion even eloquent. It should be read by anyone whose pulse has ever quickened at the sound of a fire siren.

David W. McCullough is an editor for a New York-based book club.

MIGRANTS, SHARECROPPERS, MOUNTAINEERS:
Volume II of Children of Crisis

THE SOUTH GOES NORTH:
Volume III of Children of Crisis

by Robert Coles

Atlantic-Little, Brown,
653 pp., 687 pp., $12.50 each

Reviewed by H. L. Van Brunt

■ The initial volume of *Children of Crisis* appeared in 1967. Subtitled *A Study of Courage and Fear*, it focused on more than twenty whites and blacks who were directly involved in the civil rights struggle in the South. The author, Robert Coles, is a white psychiatrist who worked with these "cases"—interviewing, testing, counseling but, above all, listening to them. For *Children of Crisis* is a storehouse of "oral history," as are the two latest volumes in the series, which have been simultaneously published.

Volume II studies three related categories of the rural poor in America—migrants, sharecroppers, and mountaineers. Coles's purpose in working with these people was both therapeutic and experimental: he wanted to help them with their problems and to study their reactions to the social conditions that caused so many of those problems. His subjects, he emphasizes, are "ordinary" rather than "sick" people. And, as Coles made clear in his first volume, it is one thing to treat and study the mentally ill in hospitals—quite another to apply psychiatric concepts to so-called normal people "... to find out how individual minds (with all their past history) engage with contemporary change as it makes future history."

In *Migrants, Sharecroppers, Mountaineers*, Coles follows the fortunes of ten families in each of the three categories over a number of years. As in

WIT TWISTER #265

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

She — — — — that gardening has
kept her young—

That when what she has
— — — — has newly sprung,

And leaves uncurl in every garden bed,

The — — — — of age lies lightly
on her head.

—A.S.

(Answer on page 74)

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1499

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1499 will be found in the next issue.

ZM LJM TDJYJATMR LIR RM-

OAWNPMR ZNMI ZM RATFSKMJ

L ILPDJLO TPEOM SG ZJAP-

AIW, GSJ ZM MUYMFPMR LI

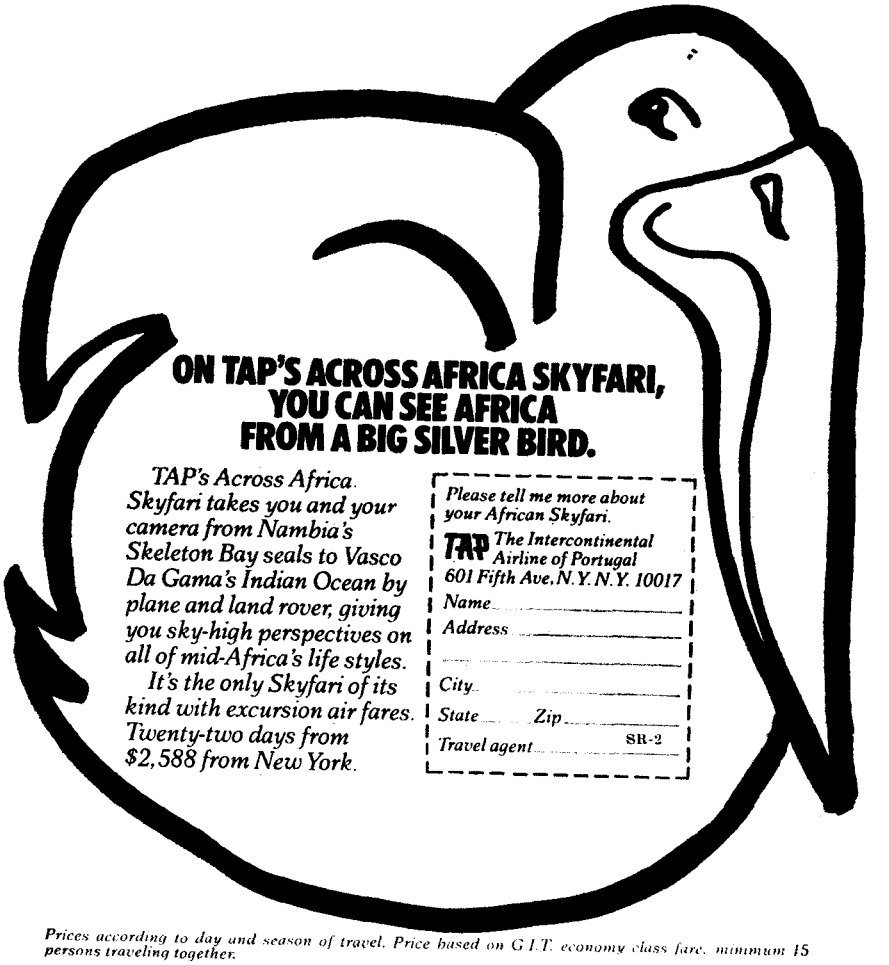
LDPNSJ, LIR GSDIR L BLI.

—YLTFLO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1498

Some people's faults are becoming, while other people's virtues prove drawbacks.

—La Rochefoucauld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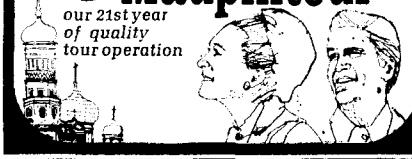

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Migrant workers—"[they] constitute what is, in effect, a slave population."

A Study of Courage and Fear, names and locations have been changed, and the actual language of the participants occasionally altered. The author's purpose was to ". . . approach, to describe, to transmit as directly and sensibly as possible what has been seen, heard, grasped, felt. . . ." One feels sure that he has disentangled rather than distorted the speech of this Florida gas station operator:

Yes, sure the migrants work. They should. They have it pretty good. I've been putting gas into their cars for years, so I should know. There are some stations that won't let them even go near them. If they so much as drive an inch on their cement, the owners will shoot to kill. They don't want the fancy tourist trade from up North being put off by any animals; that's what they are. To me a dollar is a dollar, even from animals. To me there's no difference between Yankees coming down here for the winter and those migrants going North for the summer. If they come into my station and ask for gas and have the money to pay for it, I'll sell it to them. The only thing I ask—I see to it!—is that they stay out of my rest rooms and stay in their cars and get the hell out of here as fast as I've filled up their tanks. . . .

This "cracker" tells one side of the story. Here is the other side, from a migrant worker's wife:

. . . my sister went to Chicago and died there, a year after she came. . . . So, we decided we'd just stay away from there, the city, and then the man came through, from one of the big farms down here, and he said we could make money, big money, if we just went along with him and went down to Florida and worked on the crops, just the way we always did, and that seemed like a good idea, so we did. And with the kids, one after the other, and with needing to have someplace to stay and some food and money, we've been moving along ever since, and it's been a lot of moving, I'll say that, and I wish one day we'd find there was nothing for us to do but stop, except that if we did, there might not be much food for that hot plate, that's what worries me . . .

The hundreds of thousands of migrant workers all over the United States constitute what is, in effect, a slave population. And, despite recent stirrings of popular concern, their lot is unchanged; their lives go on as before. Nine-year-old Doris does not even dream of a permanent home, toys, girlfriends, school, dresses, cosmetics. But she does want one thing:

I was smaller when I saw a store, and it had big suitcases and little ones; they all were made of leather, I think. I asked my mother if she could please, one day, get one for me; not a big one, because I know

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they must cost more money than we could ever have, but a small one. She said why did I want one, and I said it was because I could keep all my things together, and they'd never get lost, wherever we go. I have a few things that are mine—the comb, the rabbit's tail my daddy gave me before he died, the lipstick and the fan, and like that—and I don't want to go and lose them, and I've already lost a lot of things. I had a luck bracelet and I left it some place, and I had a scarf, a real pretty one, and it got lost, and a mirror, too. That's why if I could have a place to put my things, my special things, then I'd have them and if we went all the way across the country and back, I'd still have them, and I'd keep them.

A black woman in Alabama, who has dedicated herself to teaching the children of sharecroppers and tenant farmers, describes wants of a different order—and obstacles to their fulfillment:

You know, the love of beauty, the appreciation for beautiful things—I see those qualities in our children, however ugly and poor their lives. I will come to a home and despair of ever reaching out to anyone in it; everyone seems so dazed and tired and listless, terribly listless. Then we'll be talking, and a child will move a little nearer to me, and I can tell she's getting interested, she's responding—and you know, in a few minutes she'll be pointing to a little rusted can she has, and inside it, in the dirty muddy water, will be a flower, maybe two flowers, just standing there, a little bent over. The flower is the child's pride and joy, her way of touching hope, I guess. I once told what I've just told you to a teacher who has the class next to mine at school, and she said I was going overboard on those kids, and they're really the worst around, impossible to teach. "They don't learn, they don't learn a thing," that's what she must have reminded me ten times. I told her that *she* doesn't learn, because she won't open her mind to those children. All she wants to do is teach proper little black boys and girls, whose fathers are the undertaker, the insurance man, and the two ministers.

All eight-year-old Sally wants is to live "in a different house . . . then we'd all be happier." Her forebears settled down in a Kentucky mountain hollow more than a century ago, and she is slightly better off than the migrant and sharecropper children. Yet her home is ". . . . black, tar-paper black, and stands on four cement blocks. The cabin lacks curtains but does . . . possess that old stove, the place where life-giving food is prepared and life-preserving heat is given off. Near the stove there are three beds with mattresses but nothing else. Ten human beings use the mattresses: Sally's grandmother, her parents, and the seven children in the family. The cabin possesses a table but only one chair to go with it, and two other old 'sitting chairs,' both of which are battered and tattered, with springs in each quite visible. The children sit and eat outside under the trees, or inside on the floor, or near the house on the ground; or else they walk out in front of the house, in which case they often remain standing and hunch over their food. The children commonly use their hands to eat, or share a limited number of forks (four), spoons (five), and knives (seven) with their parents and grandmother."

These are people to whom a toothbrush is a strange instrument. Who have been to a doctor once or twice in their lives and never to a hospital. Whose children must take turns going to school because they share the available clothing. People whose minds are ruined by ignorance as surely as the coal company's power shovels ravage the land around them.

The only difference between the "mountaineers" and the migrants and sharecroppers is that the first have some pride—based on the piece of land that's been in the family for generations. Like the other two groups, they are despised by the middle class, the county officials (who act like commissars in Appalachia), and any manifestation of the law.

What happens to such people when they leave the land—either out of choice or necessity—to seek the El Dorado cities of the North provides the thrust of Coles's third volume, *The South Goes North*. The author followed some of the same families he interviewed in Volume II as they made the transition, and this third work is as penetrating and revealing as are the previous studies.

Some of the immigrants' initial experiences with city life are amusing. A black woman from South Carolina complains of all the keys she must carry around in Boston—one for the front door of her apartment house, one for the mailbox, two for her apartment: "The nothing we have is all locked up. . . . I think to myself that before I came to the city I'd never had a lock in my life." And a white West Virginian can't figure out the light switches in Cleveland: "On and off, that's what you have to think about when you go into a room. Now who's supposed to know every minute of his life where the switch is? I've been up in this place over a year and I forget, and I have my wife on my back, saying, 'The switch is here, don't get dressed in the darkness.' Well, what's so damned wrong about darkness when it's early in the morning!"

But most of what happens to them is anything but amusing as El Dorado turns out to be made of garbage and rats. Rosa Lee Welch is a thirty-one-year-old black woman from Sweet

Are you moved by this reading?

DESIDERATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT SURRENDER BE on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. ◈ Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans ◈ Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. ◈ Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass ◈ Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. ◈ You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. ◈ Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. ◈ With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. ◈ ◈ MAX EHRMANN

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Water, Alabama. "After a year in Boston's Roxbury," writes Coles, "after a year of living within a few miles of some three medical schools and some hospitals that are the world's finest," Rosa Lee had never received "the medical work-up she so obviously needed." In a conversation with Coles, this immigrant explained the causes of her apparent indifference to her own health and to that of her children:

My children have troubles. In school they tell them they need to have their eyes looked at, and their teeth. They say I'm not feeding them the right food. That's what the teacher told my Mary. She said we're new to the North, and we should pick up the way people live here—we should take better care of ourselves, that's what she said to Mary. I'm trying, I am. I'm going to do it; I'm going to get the children looked at someplace, in a hospital, and buy them the clothes that they need. All I lack is the money, then I can go and do those things they tell you to go do: take the taxis, and visit the teachers, and go to the hospital, and demand your rights at the welfare office, and all that. The way I see it, though, is that there's not much you can demand when you're someone like me. The civil rights people come and tell you there's a lot you can demand, and maybe they're right and I'm wrong. But I can see with my eyes; we have people in this building who have been here years and years, not a little time, like us, and they're no better off than us. They even go to the hospital and get pills to take, and they're still no better off. They hurt, and they tell me they do. I said to one of them, I asked her why she kept going to the doctor and fighting with her welfare worker. She said because the doctor might help, and the welfare worker, too. Then I said she looked to be in trouble with her breathing, like me; and her heart and stomach, the doctor told her they're both ailing her; and her boy got bit, like mine, by the rats. So, there you have it; there's the proof that she shouldn't expect much from the hospital and from the city hall, where she goes. She told me the doctor agreed with me. She told me he told her that a lot of us, we've got a lot of things wrong with us, and we haven't seen them, the doctors, all our life, and when we do get to see them, when we get up here, it's too late, and there's a limit to what they can do, a limit.

The situation of the Appalachian whites in Chicago and other cities is no better. They usually end up working for labor contractors who take half the pay they receive for backbreaking jobs; their rent is twice or three times what it should be for substandard housing; they get deeply into debt buying junk they can't afford. In short, in the cities of the North they eke out the same bare subsistence as they did in the hills, the difference being that in the city they have more chance of obtaining fraudulent credit, temporary work, and welfare.

America is touted as the land of opportunity, as the place where anyone can become President. In fact, as Robert Coles's three volumes make clear, it is as caste-ridden as any country in the world. Let the poor pull themselves up by their bootstraps, one may say. The truth is that they have been exploited for so long that they have been left too weak, too ignorant, too bewildered to make the effort.

In a review of this limited scope I have been able to give no more than an outline of these books. They deserve to be read slowly and carefully, for they are works that can change lives. *Children of Crisis* might well make Robert Coles famous. But the real test of his work will be whether the conditions of the people he has made us aware of continue to be infamous.

H. L. Van Brunt is a poet who grew up on a small Oklahoma farm.

"Before he went to China nobody could figure him out—now he's inscrutable."

CAESAR OF THE NARROW SEAS

by John Gloag

St. Martin's, 236 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert Payne

■ The true historical novel is one of the most difficult of all genres to bring off. It demands formidable scholarship, prodigious inventiveness, and the power to utter the spells that raise the dead. Inevitably, few practitioners of the art come anywhere near succeeding. Moreover, it can be argued that the very greatest of them have sometimes failed lamentably. Flaubert's *Salammbô* is a masterpiece of scholarship; the invention never flags; the appropriate spells have been uttered by a master conjurer. And yet Salammbô herself belongs essentially to the nineteenth century. Though Carthage lies all around her, we never quite believe that she is a Carthaginian goddess-queen. So, too, in *War and Peace* we are aware that Tolstoy's imagined princes and princesses conduct themselves in a way that was perfectly appropriate for the 1860s—but not for the age of Napoleon. The formidable scholarship and the prodigious inventiveness are all there, but Tolstoy rarely succeeds in raising the dead. Instead he invented a Napoleonic age and filled it with his living relatives.

If the great fail, what about the lesser masters? Mostly they are best forgotten, but from time to time there emerges a writer so deeply involved in an ancient time that we believe him implicitly and wonder where his strange powers came from. Such a writer is John Gloag, a seventy-five-year-old Englishman who has written nineteen novels (as well as numerous works

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on architecture and design) but never before essayed a historical novel. His hero, the upstart Emperor Carausius—a Belgian pirate who invaded Britain, styled himself *dux Britannorum* and then Caesar, and had the audacity to mint his own imperial coins—left little mark on history. His brief reign ended about the year 292 A.D., when his friend Allectus stabbed him in the back. A usurper in an age of usurpers, he would scarcely appear to be especially interesting.

Yet John Gloag has achieved the virtually impossible. He has infused Carausius with life and invested him with all the color and dignity he deserves. Gloag has entered the minds of his Romans and Britons, seen them clearly, and followed them in their daily routines. He has, in addition, invented a style perfectly appropriate to his subject. Thus the reader finds himself slipping into those years when the Britons were a suppressed people and the Romans rode roughshod over the British countryside, a little frightened by those peasants standing glumly along the road, with their hidden knives and their curses. Carausius is depicted as an abrupt savage in Roman uniform, and he is completely convincing. So, too, is Lucius Priscus, the professional soldier who narrates the story. I suspect that the real reason this novel is so satisfying is that Lucius Priscus is seen in the round.

What price glory? I doubt that John Gloag will win many literary prizes for having illuminated a forgotten age of Roman Britain. He resorts to no tricks. He is not flashy. There are no set scenes so dramatic that they will enter the anthologies or make Hollywood producers snap up this life of a self-styled Caesar. Like many good books, this one will probably be forgotten. Yet John Gloag has done what he set out to do superbly.

Robert Payne is the author of a number of books on ancient Rome.

GET THESE MEN OUT OF THE HOT SUN

by Herbert Mitgang

Arbor House, 203 pp., $6

Reviewed by Arthur Cooper

■ Move over, Philip Roth. Make room, Art Buchwald. Look out, Gore Vidal. Meet Herbert Mitgang, a member of *The New York Times* Editorial Board and a writer with a quiverful of sharp satirical shafts with which to play Zap the Nixnews. What an angry book Mitgang has written! What a joy parts of it are. And what a pity he failed to sustain it all the way.

The Nixon administration has not fared well with people who write books—or with many who read them, for that matter. What drew Roth's fire in *Our Gang* was Nixon's perversion of the language and his use of this debased political speech for, in Orwell's words, "the defense of the indefensible." What draws Mitgang's is the celebration and elevation of mediocrity: Power without values equals demagoguery. His chief *bête noir* is not Richard Nixon, but Spiro Agnew.

Yet let's make one thing perfectly clear from the outset: the author assures us that this is a historical novel of the future about some fictional characters. "The President and Vice President in particular have no basis in reality; nor is *their* country to be confused with the United States."

So disclaiming, Mitgang is off and running down the Nixnew administration. The time is 1976. Vietnam has wound down, but U.S. troops are now fighting to help General Ne Win suppress a popular uprising in Burma. Richard Nixon isn't seen around Washington very much even though the Constitution has been amended to enable him to seek a third term. It seems that Nixon is suffering a severe dysfunction—something the President's analyst diagnoses as "one of the worst cases of rampant inferiority complex that I've ever run across." Poor Richard even wakes sweatily in the night muttering to Pat, "What are we doing here? This looks like President Eisenhower's bedroom." So who's in charge here? Spiro Agnew—who else? Aided by men with such improbable names as Kissinger, Haldeman, and Shakespeare, Agnew orders the First Amendment revised to curtail press freedom. He brackets the nightly network newscasts with his own Good News Hour. He sets up a domestic arm of the propagandist United States Information Agency. In short, Agnew is out to short-circuit the nation's communications industry and replace it with a sort of Big Brotherhood of Thought Control.

At about this point, however, Mitgang's chillingly amusing satire begins to aspire to *Day of the Jackal* suspense. A pity, for the shift in mood saps the book of its previous verve and bite.

Short space prevents a complete listing of Mitgang's grievances, but his targets include Henry Kissinger, Lyndon Johnson, the brothers Alsop, the brothers Bundy, Walt Rostow, Daniel Moynihan, and Bob Hope. And while Mitgang is certainly a lot funnier than Hope, I wish he'd have another go at the last half of the book.

Arthur Cooper is an associate editor of *Newsweek* magazine.

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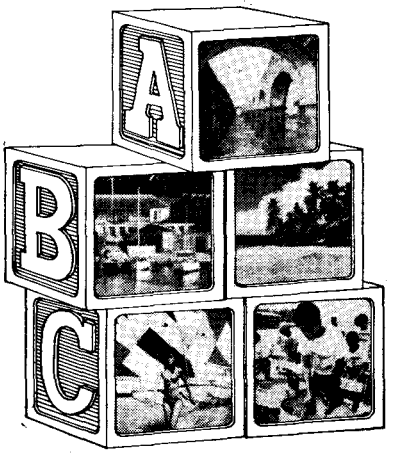

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MURIEL

by George P. Elliott

Dutton, 155 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Burton Bernstein

■ George P. Elliott fools us. In this blessedly short novel, which traces the life of a Midwestern female from giggling teen-ager to dotty matron, Mr. Elliott begins disappointingly, thinly, presenting us with an American Gothic sketch of decent but emotionally constipated WASPs. Then, slowly, oh how slowly, the author fleshes out his characters—in more ways than one: Muriel, the heroine of this soap opera of the Plains, develops a nagging obesity problem. Along about the middle of the book Mr. Elliott succeeds in arousing a smidgen of interest in his cast of Kansans, or at least some vague curiosity about their fate. Was the stunted, threadbare beginning only a setup for something of significance? Will Muriel and her husband, Ed, evolve into characters whom we care to follow into their old age? No. We have been hoodwinked. They are merely hopeless, helpless bores, awash in a sea of murky prose.

The story, such as it is, goes something like this: Muriel Storr is the daughter of a small-town Kansas dentist. She is thoroughly inculcated with turn-of-the-century Protestant ethics. After a couple of false starts, she marries a hard-working Baptist farmer named Ed Bell. They work a local farm and eventually, and almost sexlessly, have two children. The Depression takes them to California, where they run head-on into the twentieth century. Muriel doesn't take to the twentieth century very well. Her moral code is questioned, especially by her pampered children, who are strangers to Muriel in a strange land.

Jerry-built into the plot is a symbol—a veritable symbol, right out of the famous Sledgehammer School of Literary Symbolism—to wit, a cannibalistic sow (remember, Muriel is overweight) which devours her piglets as soon as they are farrowed. One piglet is saved, however, and doted on by Muriel, but it finally succumbs to overindulgence. What will the Sledgehammer folks think of next?

If the plot of this novel is unadulterated hogwash, Elliott's ear for dialogue is pure tin. And, it goes without saying, Elliott is a thoroughly humorless writer. This deformed piece of work about a WASP Mrs. Portnoy should never have been conceived, let alone been born.

Burton Bernstein is a staff writer on *The New Yorker*. He is currently at work on a biography of James Thurber.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 69: owns, sown, snow.

"G-a-a-a-a-h ha-a-a-a-h! Take that, you cheap, purse-snatching mugger!"

NOT TO DISTURB

by Muriel Spark

Viking, 121 pp., $5

Reviewed by Haskel Frankel

■ A stormy night has closed in around the Chateau Klopstock in Switzerland. Locked in the library, having given the servants strict instructions "not to disturb," are the Baron and Baroness Klopstock and their secretary, Victor Passerat. In the attic, howling against the night, is the Baron's brother, tended by a nurse who wants to marry the mad successor to the Klopstock wealth and title. And in the servants' quarters, joy reigns supreme, for this is the night whose grim denouement will make them rich. The servants, under the guidance of the butler, Lister, are ready for the event. Their publishing contracts and movie sales have been signed and sealed.

This, then, is Muriel Spark's new novel. Call it a black soufflé if you will, or a funereal high comedy; it is, in any case, a ghoulish delight. The author's narration of the goings-on backstairs, which is prose at its sparest, doubles the humor.

The cast of characters is delicious and bizarre, from the corruptly Jeevesian Lister, to Heloise—the maid whose unborn child might have been sired by any man within the house, including visitors—to the masseuse and the transvestite waiting in a car for their friend Victor Passerat to return.

Actually, "high comedy" is too restrictive a description for *Not to Disturb*, which ranges from the drawing-room variety to slapstick. In a scene that might have been played by Lynn Fontanne, a woman brushes aside a marriage proposal with the cool rejoinder: "I don't want to get heated at this moment, on this night, Lister. You're starting me off. The press and the police are coming, and there are only sixty-four shopping days to Christmas." But when Miss Spark stages the madman's zany wedding, the episode reads as if it had been written for the Marx Brothers.

Some British reviewers of this novel suggest that Miss Spark is up to something beyond creating sheer black joy. One, for example, asserts that here she "explores the predicament of the artist who, faced with the inevitable, the predestined, still chooses . . ." etc., etc. Frankly, if there are mental goodies tucked away within, I did not notice them. It is enough for me that *Not to Disturb* is the work of a master writing at the top of her form.

Haskel Frankel, a fiction critic, writes *SR*'s Criminal Record column.

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

"Juche!"

It was with considerable interest that I read Richard Halloran's review of my book, *Juche!: The Speeches and Writings of Kim Il Sung* [*SR*, Mar. 18]. Considerable interest, because his comments are, in many respects, incisive, and because he seems to be surprisingly well-informed on North Korea. However, if "the choice of documents in this book is uneven" and "many significant documents have been left out," it is because Premier Kim Il Sung is responsible for such a huge number of speeches and writings that it would be impossible to include them all in one volume. A number of other significant papers will be included in my next *Juche* collection.

What I really object to is Mr. Halloran's dismissal of my biography of Kim Il Sung as "sketchy" and "panegyric." It may be brief, but it is not "sketchy." The biography in question is, in fact, a result of my several years of sporadic studies on the subject in such places as Washington, Paris, London, Moscow, Pyongyang, and Tokyo, during which time I gathered enough proofs and materials to destroy the disparaging myth about Kim Il Sung fabricated by his foes in "free" Asia and the United States. Since I was allowed only a dozen or so pages for the biography, I have tried to present as much as possible those facts about Kim Il Sung that are virtually unknown to the American reader.

Contrary to Mr. Halloran's "assumption that no leader of a communist nation is less well known to the rest of the world than Premier Kim Il Sung," the North Korean leader is regarded as the most important communist leader outside China and the Soviet Union, as well as the most influential example to Third World revolutionary movements in Asia, Africa, South America, and even Europe. He is relatively unknown only in America.

Li Yuk-sa,
Paris, France

Backward, Ho!

Re: *The Donner Party* [*SR*, Mar. 11].

Small wonder the Donner Party was done in before it reached the Sacramento Valley, having to cross the Mississippi from Independence, Missouri.

That crossing was made, with some success, many years later by one of the natives, a Mr. Harry S Truman. However, his destination lay in the opposite direction.

Roy McGrath,
Mountain View, Mo.

Footnote for Kibitzers

The uninitiated might be bewildered by the apparently tangential attack on Stephen E. Ambrose's accuracy as an historian in the junior Arthur Schlesinger's review of Sidney Lens's book, *The Forging of the American Empire* [*SR*, Feb. 5]. Equally obscure is the reason for Lens's spirited defense of Ambrose in his reply to Schlesinger [Book Forum, Feb. 26]. By explaining both we can better understand the obvious bitterness of the Schlesinger-Lens exchange [Book Forum, Mar. 25].

The quotation cited by Schlesinger is used by Ambrose to support his interpretation that Truman's foreign policy was motivated largely by a desire to expand American markets and investments abroad. In the same chapter of *Rise to Globalism* Ambrose very decidedly characterizes Franklin D. Roosevelt as too timid and indecisive in the face of German aggression during the late 1930s and first months of the 1940s. Thus Ambrose at one stroke criticizes the two Presidents who, together with Kennedy, constitute in the Schlesinger (or liberal or "Establishment") interpretation the working out of the best humanistic elements of the American political tradition. Schlesinger first traced the origins of that evolution in his *Age of Jackson*, a conscious attempt to show that Jackson, the Democratic Party, and FDR always had at heart the best interests of the average American.

Thus Lens and Ambrose together symbolize the "new left" of the historical profession: they reject as inadequate both the policies of FDR and Truman *and* the interpretations which praise those policies as the best of the American past. The disagreement between their school and those of the Schlesinger persuasion is fundamental and must color the understanding that future generations of Americans have of their heritage.

Kenneth J. Hagan,
Manhattan, Kan.

500 Ruble Question

The review of Elie Wiesel's book *Souls on Fire* [*SR*, Feb. 26], evoked some memories.

In 1895, Nicholas II, shortly after he ascended the throne of Russia, visited his vast and important province of Russian Poland. When he arrived at the railroad terminal in Warsaw, he was greeted by the various ethnic and religious delegations, representing the population of Russian Poland. Among these were two Jewish delegations: Ashkenazic and Hasidic, who presented him with Torah scrolls. The Hasidic delegation put on a show by exhibiting their whirling-dervish mode of worship. While this was going on, Nicholas, astonished, asked his viceroy of Poland Prince Immeretinsky: *"Khto eti zviery?"* ("Who are these beasties?") Immeretinsky answered, *"Onyee Hasidy"* ("They are Hasidim"). Nicholas asked again, *"Tchto takoye Hasidism?"* ("What is Hasidism?"), to which Immeretinsky shrugged his shoulders and said, *"Nye znayu"* ("I do not know").

On his return to St. Petersburg, Nicholas issued a request for an answer to his question "What is Hasidism?" It was declared an open competition and the person who provided the most satisfactory answer would receive an honorarium of 500 gold rubles. In due course of time the answers arrived, were carefully considered, and the winner was declared to be Rabbi Leibele Gordin of Augustovo. He was my godfather.

Leopold N. Sperling,
Canton, O.

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(Continued on page 80)

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SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 79)

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 81)

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CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla, Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VERMONT—$9,000 down. Terms, Idyllic twelve acre lakeside pasture. Radway, Hanover, N.H. 03755. 603-643-2793.

NEW MEXICO. Spectacular 3-level "A" frame, 7 acres, near Santa Fe. $45,000. Owner. 505-757-6242 evenings.

CONDOMINIUMS—St. Croix, U.S. Virgins, Caribbean. 1-2-3 bedrooms. Ft. Louis Augusta Development Corporation, P.O. Box 1481, Christiansted, St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00820, phone 809-773-2575.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

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THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

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CAMPS

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VACATIONS

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(Continued on page 84)

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(Continued from page 83)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1983

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Dishonest; mischievous	56 109 122 165 183 202 2
B. City in North Brabant prov., seat of the Dutch electrical industry	3 13 30 43 51 72 171 89 128
C. Loose, wanton; boisterous, uproarious	150 194 17 50 92 116 134
D. After *The*: Sheridan play	167 203 28 44 66 105
E. Frivolous, impulsive, flighty	129 143 186 34 69
F. Natural developments or results	119 152 207 31 71 98 145 8 107 141
G. Given to immoral or improper conduct	163 208 12 58 115 169 22 68 77
H. 2 wds. after *the*: James Francis Edward Stuart	170 198 35 159 193 6 19 57 132 49 76 93
I. Spruce, trim	179 192 14 53 83
J. Amulet, charm	100 108 26 63 155 182 200 210
K. Toasts	5 37 48 81 102 111 160
L. Dutch poet (1743-81; "Balder's Death")	185 199 7 36 87
M. Nephew of King Arthur; brother of Agravain, Gaheris, and Gareth	153 176 189 55 67 123
N. Russian ballet dancer, born 1912	147 180 23 61 139 166 62 103 4 168 75

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Agricultural state of SE India	205 65 86 126 138 178
P. County borough on the Trent, central England	187 209 60 148 20 45 196 135 157 32
Q. They worshipped Milcom (I Kings 11:33)	80 120 137 151 162 27 64 112 144
R. Carefully considered or prepared	190 1 79 90 127 172 95
S. "This hermit good lives ___ / Which slopes down to the sea." (3 wds. Coleridge "Ancient Mariner.")	101 195 54 149 96 104 156 38 206 114
T. Hard to handle, awkward	99 18 91 11 121 174 46 201
U. Queen of England, daughter of Henry I	24 52 74 59 113 124 197
V. Humbug, bamboozlement	39 82 29 130 177 38 106 158
W. Small, evergreen malaceous tree, native to China and Japan	94 164 78 85 131 118
X. Nevil Shute novel (3 wds.)	41 204 117 142 140 47 136 25 16 154
Y. Bavarian town noted for its Passion Play	188 97 9 173 146 73 84 125 184 40 161 33
Z. "God made Himself an awful ___." (3 wds.; Tennyson, "Vision of Sin")	10 42 15 175 191 70 110 133 181 21

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

						1 R	2 A	3 B		4 N	5 K	6 H	7 L	8 F	9 Y	10 Z								
11 T	12 G		13 B	14 I	15 Z		16 X	17 C	18 T	19 H	20 P	21 Z	22 G	23 N	24 U		25 X							
	26 J	27 Q	28 D	29 V	30 B	31 F		32 P	33 Y	34 E	35 H	36 L	37 K		38 S	39 V								
40 Y	41 X	42 Z	43 B		44 D	45 P	46 T		47 X	48 K	49 H		50 C	51 B	52 U	53 I								
54 S	55 M	56 A	57 H	58 G		59 U	60 P	61 N		62 N	63 J	64 Q	65 O	66 D	67 M	68 G	69 E							
	70 Z	71 F	72 B	73 Y		74 U	75 N	76 H		77 G	78 W	79 R	80 Q	81 K	82 V	83 I								
84 Y	85 W	86 O	87 L	88 V	89 B	90 R		91 T	92 C	93 H	94 W	95 R		96 S	97 Y	98 F	99 T							
100 J		101 S	102 K		103 N	104 S	105 D		106 V		107 F	108 J	109 A	110 Z		111 K	112 Q							
113 U	114 S		115 G	116 C	117 X		118 W	119 F		120 Q	121 T	122 A	123 M	124 U	125 Y	126 O	127 R							
128 B	129 E		130 V	131 W	132 H		133 Z	134 C		135 P	136 X		137 Q	138 O	139 N	140 X	141 F							
	142 X	143 E	144 Q		145 F	146 Y	147 N		148 P	149 S	150 C	151 Q	152 F	153 M	154 X		155 J							
156 S	157 P	158 V	159 H	160 K		161 Y	162 Q	163 G		164 W	165 A	166 N	167 D		168 N	169 G	170 H							
171 B	172 R	173 Y	174 T	175 Z	176 M	177 V	178 O		179 I	180 N	181 Z		182 J	183 A	184 Y	185 L	186 E							
	187 P	188 Y	189 M		190 R	191 Z	192 I	193 H	194 C	195 S	196 P		197 U	198 H	199 L	200 J	201 T							
202 A		203 D	204 X		205 O	206 S	207 F	208 G	209 P	210 J														

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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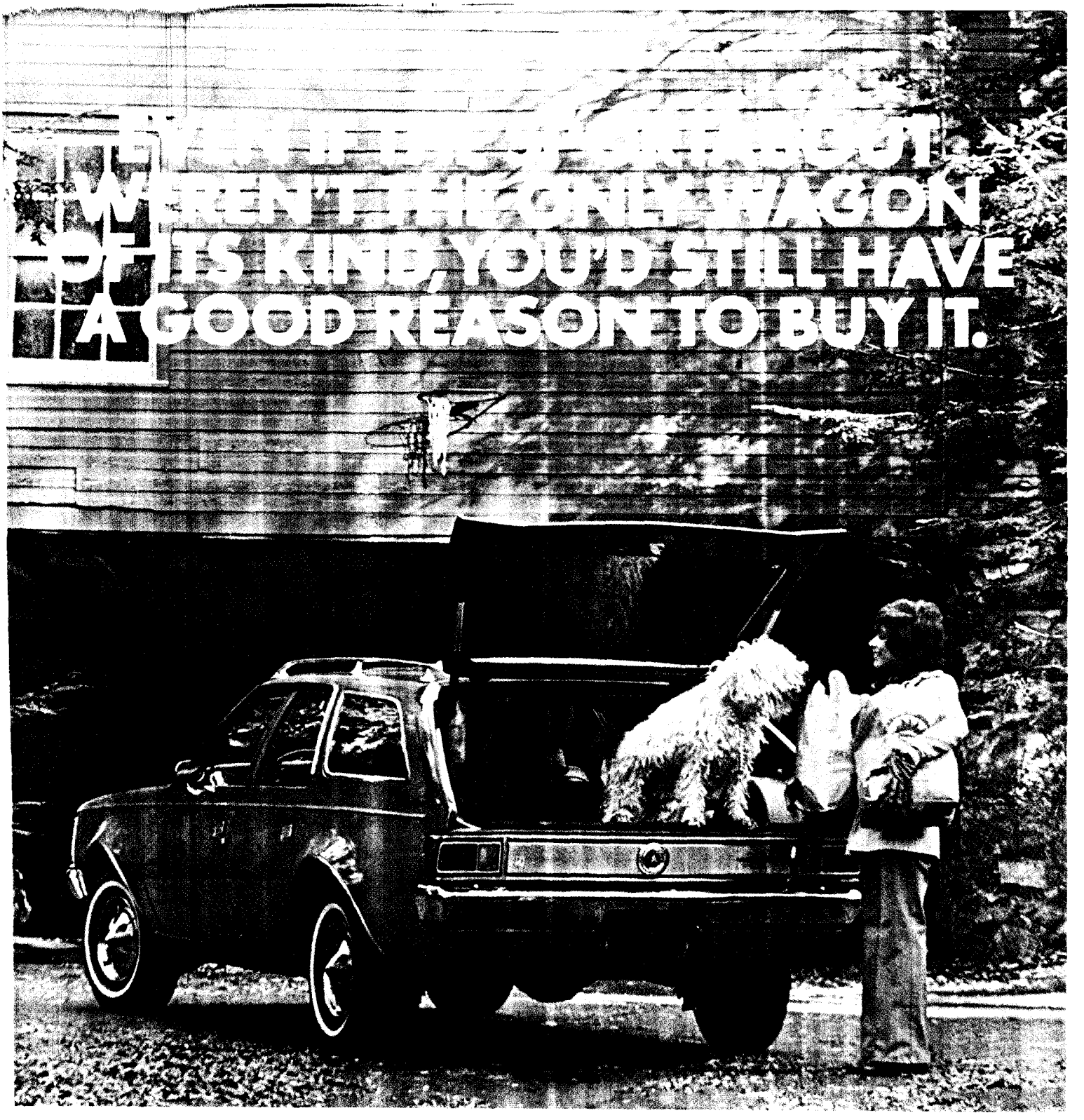

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